

# *The Sign* National Catholic Magazine

Jean Kerr  
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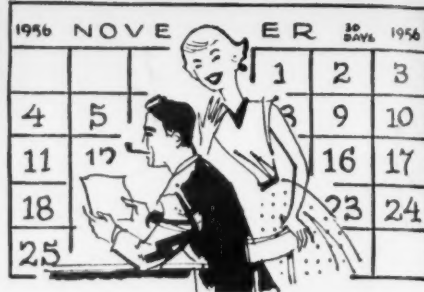
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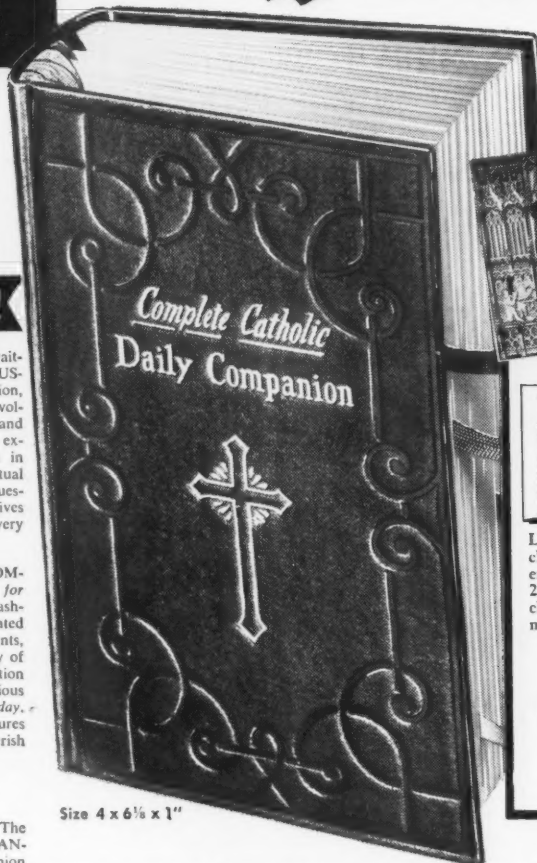
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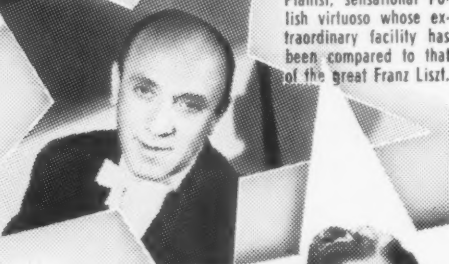


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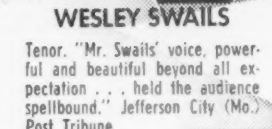
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# Letters

## EDITORIALS

A neighbor of mine, who had THE SIGN wished on her by way of a gift subscription, gets rid of her copies by dumping them on my doorstep. She thinks "someone" should protest your editorials and some of your liberal articles.

Instead of criticizing those who are trying to fight and expose the enemy, you should be listening to them and helping to expose the Godless menace. To fight Communism we do not have to give up our intelligence, but we do need to be intelligent and informed on the nature of the beast. . . .

I think you owe an apology to the millions of people who are very much concerned about Communism and instead of ridicule would like some encouragement and prayers.

Mrs. Anna M. Killey  
Upper Darby, Penna.

September's editorial contained some sweeping statements that badly needed qualification.

Certainly Catholics must extend justice and charity toward black and white, must not support those forms of segregation that deny to the Negro his human rights, and must not support any form of segregation out of a motive of hatred for his black brethren. But there are types of segregation that do not deny strictly human rights and that may, under some circumstances, do more good than harm, and therefore not every phase of segregation can be considered evil in itself. . . .

Generosity toward less favored nations may indeed sometimes follow from the principle of "love thy neighbor," for a Catholic's love for neighbor is not bounded by national boundaries. But, whether some U.S. foreign aid is being spent unwisely to foster the selfish aims of certain governments, whether America is being too generous or not . . . these are questions of practical judgment and cannot be solved by the simple moral principle of "love thy neighbor." . . .

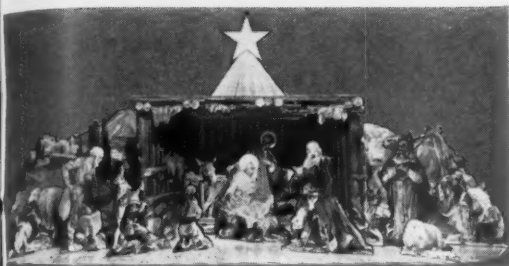
DONALD J. McNAMARA  
Chicago, Ill.

Your editorial entitled "The Thinking Catholic" in the October issue was excellent—until the end when you walked into the trap set by the modern mind. This business of a man being "innocent until he is proved guilty" certainly holds good in

(Continued on page 8)

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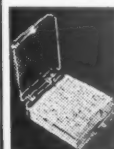
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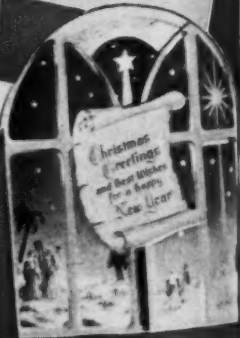
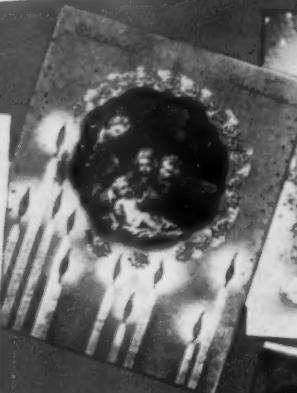
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## LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

respect to civil legislation, but it is not necessarily part of moral philosophy. For a judgment to be in accordance with sound morality, moral certitude at least is sufficient. It is the modern mind, the curse of our age, which makes the truth or the goodness of an act depend on physical or pragmatic proof. . . .

If we followed the lead of your editorial, all that we could justifiably believe about Alger Hiss is that he was a perjurer. This is all that was technically proved against him. However, the intellectual Communist of the illegal apparatus is not so stupid as to let it be proved that he is or was a Communist. This is the secret of his phenomenal success. . . .

JOHN J. LEITNER

UNION, N. J.

It seems to me that the editorial policy of your magazine misses the point when it decries chauvinism or excessive nationalism. It is a fact that thousands of diplomatic, political, military, scientific, and economic secrets of the United States have been stolen by Soviet agents in our government and other persons closely connected with Communists. Therefore, we need more patriotism, not less, and unequivocal opposition to the Communists and their friends.

When I attended a Jesuit college during the thirties we were indeed told that Communism was diabolical on the basis that it was anti-God, anti-moral, and anti-American. We were warned that we would live to regret the recognition of Soviet Russia by this country. We were not told that we had a moral obligation to consort with Communists whether it be in a World Court, League of Nations, or United Nations.

Also, the papal encyclicals preaching "reasonable and frugal comfort" for the workingman did not necessarily mean public housing at taxpayers' expense for people with new cars and luxury appliances and clothing or chauffeur-driven, air-conditioned Cadillacs for labor leaders.

Please let us not apologize for the conservative viewpoint while we lend undue emphasis to pseudo liberalism.

WILLIAM J. MCGLONE

HARVEY, ILL.

### AUSTRALIA

I read the article on Australia in your June issue and, while it was a little over-critical, it is just what we Australians want. We do have a really outstanding Catholic secondary school system but as we have no Catholic tertiary education few lay leaders develop. It is to this end that the hierarchy here has set up the Aquinas Academy and the Adult Catholic Education Movement, both of which conduct evening classes.

When one imagines the countless subjects of interest within your own country, it is a great compliment to find space devoted to Australia in your publication.

E. A. CLANCY

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

### LATIN AMERICA

. . . I have been in intimate contact with almost all the Latin-American countries and am thus qualified to judge their level of Catholicity. I would never agree with the peculiar classification given by the Rev. Albert J. Nevins of the Maryknoll Fathers (THE SIGN, September). Leaving to those qualified the task of rectifying what interests them, I confine myself to my Archdiocese of Santo Domingo where I have been Archbishop for the past twenty-one years.

The following three facts are more than sufficient to vindicate the vitality of our Church:

(1) Our Pontifical Seminary, in which twenty-one years ago I found only fourteen seminarians, now can boast of more than 250. . . .

(2) From February 28 to March 6 of this year there took place in our capital city the first International Congress of Catholic Culture. Among the prominent persons who honored us with their presence were two Cardinals, several Archbishops and Bishops, and outstanding laymen including the well-known Mexican journalist Alfonso Juncos and the President of the Supreme Court of Japan, Dr. Kotaro Tanaka. All of them expressed complete satisfaction with our Catholic life.

(3) Two years ago a Concordat was signed between the Holy See and the Dominican Republic. On that occasion General Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, representing the government, went to Rome to pledge his loyalty to the Holy Father and to sign this important document and received a high decoration.

I have no doubt that THE SIGN and the United Press, in view of these facts, will live up to their traditional high standard of journalism, publishing this letter in THE SIGN and diffusing the content by means of another cable of the United Press.

I know from long experience that both THE SIGN and the United Press are dedicated to publishing the truth and only the truth.

(MOST REV.) RICHARD PITIN  
ARCHBISHOP

SANTO DOMINGO

Just a note to say how much I enjoyed this issue of THE SIGN. (Sept.) The article on Latin America is masterly. The writer has a grasp of the situation and of the needs of Latin America. He discusses Latin America country by country. They are all very different, each with its special genius and special needs. It is seldom that one meets an author who sees the whole picture.

DUNSTAN STONE

MEXICO, D.F.

"How Catholic Is Latin America?" by Rev. Nevins, M.M. is a praiseworthy article that clearly sets forth the status of the Church in the various countries of Central and South America. The facts presented are bold and shocking. Maybe it will wake some people up from their sleep of false security. . . .

ROBERT ZIEGLER

LANCASTER, PENNA.

(Continued on page 78)



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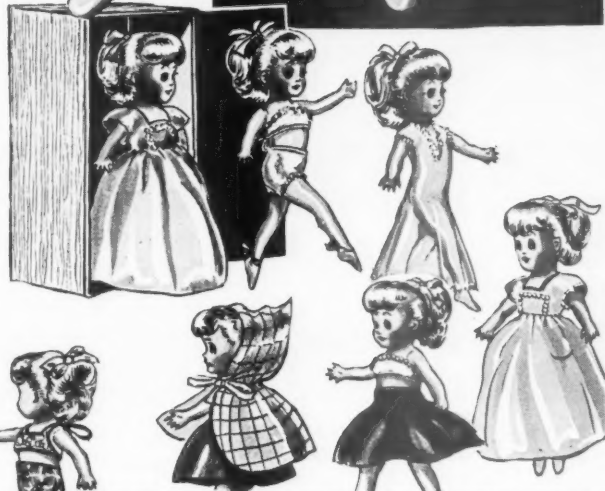
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NOVEMBER

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VOL. 36 NO. 4

# The Sign®

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## The Catholic Voter

**T**HE Catholic who takes his religion into the polls with him is doing a good thing. We don't mean that he should vote for a candidate because he's a Catholic, or try to form a Catholic political party, or make an effort to promote the interests of his own Church at the expense of others.

The man who votes according to Catholic principles is voting according to good American principles. There can't be a discrepancy, because Catholic principles of government are based solidly on the natural law and divine revelation.

The informed Catholic has a knowledge of such subjects, for instance, as the rights and duties of the state, of the citizen, of parents in the education of their children, of the family, of employer and employee, of the nation in the great family of nations. These are just a few of the many subjects on which the Church provides the principles which should guide the citizen in casting his vote, and the informed and conscientious voter will use these principles as a norm to determine who gets his vote on election day.

Here are a few questions the voter may well ask himself before making up his mind on a candidate:

Besides being able and honest, does he have the specialized knowledge of government necessary for the office he seeks?

Does he have a proper awareness of the menace of international Communism and does he advocate a powerful America with strong allies to offset this threat?

Does he appreciate the danger of Communism at home and promote effective measures for discovering and controlling the Reds and their fellow travelers?

In fighting Communism, is he sincere and intelligent or a rabble-rouser who finds anti-Communism a good means of getting votes?

Does he work for peace and international cooperation—not, however, for peace at any price?

Is he a party hack who votes as he is told, or does he study proposed legislation and vote according to the public interest?

Is he willing to fight for a good cause even if it is unpopular or is he always ready to compromise principles and give way to expediency?

Does he accept the American principle of equal rights for all religions and races before the law?

Does he believe in a monolithic system of compulsory public schools for all, or does he recognize

the natural right of parents to send their children to private or parochial schools?

Does he stand for equal auxiliary services for children in parochial and public schools, such as health supervision, medical aid, bus transportation, and subsidized lunches?

Does he believe in the right of the worker to organize in unions? Does he favor legislation to foster and protect clean democratic unionism or does he advocate union-busting devices such as the so-called right-to-work laws?

These are just a sample of the many questions an intelligent and conscientious voter should ask before he makes up his mind on how to cast his vote. Sometimes, because of local conditions, he should ask how a candidate stands on possible legislation on contraception, birth control clinics, "eugenic" sterilization, therapeutic abortion, and easy divorce.

**W**E have no intention of indulging in partisan politics. We're not campaigning for any candidate—Republican or Democratic. If we were campaigning at all, it would be in the interests of a certain degree of independence. We'd get much better results if voters had a healthy disregard for party labels and voted according to the ability, character, and intelligence of each candidate. Party regularity is understandable in a professional politician. In many cases, his job depends on it. But it's stupid in a voter, who has nothing to gain except the doubtful privilege of voting for a second-rate candidate because of his party label. And the more independent voters there are, the greater the pressure on both parties to present candidates worthy of the independent vote.

If we Catholics take our religion into the polls with us, we'll be approaching our duty of voting as a serious and sacred task. We have a lot to offer and a lot to gain from intelligent and conscientious voting. Too often we have been a dead weight instead of a leaven in the fulfillment of our civic duties. As in all democracies, we get just about what we vote for—and deserve.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*





## EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

There has been so much discussion of automation in recent years that it may be helpful to try to separate fact from fiction. Predicting the future is a hazardous employment

### What Is Automation?

at best, and it is even more risky when this new and rapidly changing field is involved. One problem we face is that of defining automation. Many attempts have been made, but none seems completely satisfactory. Perhaps the best approach is that of noting the similarity between automation and human intelligence.

The older type of machine or process was successful because it substituted mechanical power for the energy of man or beast. These machines were fast, tireless, and powerful. But most of them required careful control and supervision by an operator.

By contrast, the modern automatic device duplicates some of man's senses and some of the functions of intelligence. It has a memory function. It has the ability to correct its own mistakes. There are devices that perform the function of apparently seeing, hearing, or tasting.

With such devices, the operation of a productive process tends to be completely automatic. Workers may be needed to service the electronic controls, but once the process is under way, no direct human supervision is needed.

We do not yet know how far automation may extend. Already it has influenced the office as well as the factory. Undoubtedly, efforts will be made to extend its sway into most areas of economic activity.

What results can we foresee from these startling new developments? First of all, they are likely to affect the kind and

amount of labor needed for production. Automatic devices tend to work best at jobs normally done by unskilled or semi-skilled labor. They thrive on routine, repetitive jobs.

### Automation and the Future

Since this type of work is the most monotonous performed today, it is a blessing that it can be taken over by machines. On the other hand, the type of work required to produce and service automatic devices is highly skilled and well paid. Obviously one effect of automation will be the upgrading of our labor force.

New processes will make goods cheaper and more abundant. Not only will there be a saving in direct labor cost, but quality should improve. There will be less waste and fewer rejected parts.

Automation does not necessarily involve a reduction in the labor force of any given company. Often it becomes possible to render more services more efficiently, retaining the same number of employees. This is particularly the case where electronic devices have been employed in office work.

In the long run, however, there should be a shift in the work force away from office and factory jobs and toward areas which employ craftsmen, semiprofessional workers, and the like. Service occupations should expand.

There will be immediate problems of spot unemployment. Long-range plans for retraining and upgrading workers may be necessary. Undoubtedly the shorter work week is in sight—either the four-day week or the six-hour day.

We can probably have both more wealth and more leisure. Here will be the real challenge to mankind. Will it use these blessings constructively in promoting better family life and



Wide World

A cause of wonder to recent visitors to Castelgandolfo has been the amazing vitality of the Pope. In this series of photos, the sequence camera catches His Holiness as he speaks animatedly to a group of pilgrims at an open-air audience



For those who squawk but duck voting, a New Hampshire chapter of the League of Women Voters has found a witty way of pointing out that voting is a duty as well as a privilege. On election day don't be a vote ducker



United Press Photos



Archbishop Cushing of Boston administers the first televised Baptism. Baby's name? Richard Cushing Morrissey



Bev is back: Aneurin Bevan, Britain's anti-American Laborite gadfly, has made a comeback in the Labor Party

a higher culture? Or will we have a repetition of the frenzied prosperity of the Twenties, with a weakening of our moral fiber?

Science Service has inaugurated a poll of scientific opinion on various scientific and technological problems. Specialists in any field which comes under discussion are to be queried and will render their vote independently and anonymously.

#### Men on Other Planets?

The result of the poll is expected to reveal a consensus of the best opinion on the questions submitted. If proper limitations are observed, such a consensus can be of considerable value to the public.

It will preserve the public from thinking that an individual—but highly publicized—wildcat opinion represents the true verdict of science. Knowing the general thought of top experts, the public will be in a better position to avoid the headaches or bellyaches—literal or otherwise—which result from a mistaken idea of reality.

Science moves so fast these days that the only way the layman can keep up with it is by accepting the word of somebody who is riding on its back and watching every move.

But, as we say, proper limitations must be observed. If a man has been looking through a telescope at the moon all during his professional life, he shouldn't be queried as an expert on French cooking or baseball.

Such a mistake seems to have been made in the first Science Service poll which, among other things, asked if intelligent creatures comparable to man exist on planets outside the solar system. Most of the experts said, yes, they do,

Their argument appears to be this: out of billions of possibilities, there must be some planet somewhere in space whose environment is almost identical with that of Earth. Therefore, intelligent life would be found on it.

Such a conclusion calls for a great many unscientific assumptions. It calls for the assumption that intelligence is only a function of chemistry. For it claims the manlike creatures will evolve from lower nonintelligent forms, granted the kind of climate found on the planet Earth. It assumes that intelligence appeared historically on earth in this way. It assumes that the soul is only a function of matter and can have only the kind of permanence that is found in matter. It assumes that the Christian religion—which provides a totally different account of man—is a tissue of myths.

#### No Room for Christian Faith

Nothing any scientist has ever come across justifies such conclusions. The scientist who makes such a claim is betraying the standards of exactness claimed for his profession.

Actually, it would be possible for creatures specifically identical with man to live on some other suitable planet, swimming around some other sun.

The philosopher would say so. The clergyman would say so. And they would have a perfectly reasonable explanation for their claim. They would say that the creative act of God could intervene at some point and create rational souls for that distant globe. The producer whom they call God is big enough for the job they would be imputing to Him.

But the producer which the incautious scientist invokes





*On pilgrimage: The white coifs of these French nuns provide a pretty picture as they walk down a stairway on Paris' Montmartre Hill near Sacre Coeur Basilica. The Nuns were making a pilgrimage to the famous French Basilica*

has never been proved big enough for the job. For ultimately such a scientist is saying that man's mind was created by a batch of dancing chemicals. He is saying that Shakespeare and St. Francis of Assisi were manufactured by something like Alka-Seltzer fizzing in a glass.

The tricks and twists of Soviet intrigue have been laboriously analyzed to find what makes it tick. Slowly but surely the pieces are being fitted together. Eventually—let us hope not too late—the complete formula will be revealed. Then we will know precisely how to meet and checkmate any move which world Communism may make. With this in mind, may not the Suez affair be a blessing in disguise?

Nasser is believed to have been coached by Soviet diplomats. So that his political maneuverings would be a major exemplification of the statesmanship which Russia uses to defeat the free world. Analyze the game Nasser played at Suez, and you may have a key which will help unlock the secret of Soviet grand strategy.

And what was the game he played at Suez? He made a move that could be countered effectively only by invasive war. In these days, war is the *ultimate* move. But war is most unfashionable, while peace has unlimited power to bewitch. Nobody wants to take the responsibility for unlimbering his guns and starting to shoot. Nasser made the *penultimate* move, the move that could be successfully answered only by shooting. It is unlikely that anyone will do the shooting. So it looks as though he won.

Nasser began by playing us against the Soviet and vice versa, in the expectation that we would be frightened into reaching deep down into our abundant pocket in a bid for his favor, particularly by financing his projected Aswan dam. Then we made our move. We said: No. Count us out. Build the dam yourself, or get Russia to build it for you. Unfortunately, ours was not the *penultimate* move. It was the move just before that.

Nasser made the *penultimate* move, the one which could be effectively challenged only by resort to war. He said: Very well. The Suez Canal is on Egyptian soil. Egypt will control the Suez. If you don't like the arrangement, shoot your way through.

Which brings us down to the shooting. We didn't shoot. And probably will not. So that, at this writing, Nasser has won the round. Some time in the future, he may reconsider and relent. But if he doesn't, the rest of the world will have lost the use of its treaty rights in the Canal, and Nasser will have had his way.

This is not exactly the formula of negotiating from a position of strength. It is rather the trick of negotiating from a position where one's opponent is afraid to use *his* strength. He has the guns for shooting, but he is afraid to shoot.

This seems to be what happened at Suez. And Suez could be a classic exemplification of key Soviet policy executed through friend Nasser.

Maybe the lesson was worth the price—if we learn the lesson.

### One Move before the Shooting

### The Pattern at Suez



## Views in Brief

**Tips For Teacher.** An educational journal, *School and Society*, has suggested that at the end of class the pupil leave a gratuity on his desk for teacher. Children would then learn, it argued, to have "a proper, i.e., financial, respect for education and for educators." We grant that teachers in general deserve better salaries. But this solution is all wrong. We can picture the low-grade student feeding his coins to teacher in the hope of better marks. We can see the completely materialistic attitude the students would have of what should be a virtue. And we can imagine the humiliation of a teacher, when class is dismissed, going down to the desks to grab his paltry pennies. We doubt that teachers would go for this.

**Movie Ads.** It was encouraging to see a movie critic (Bosley Crowther) attack movie distributors for their suggestive, misleading advertising and regret the fact that there is candid approval of this advertising within the trade. Movie ads seem to get worse and worse, probably because, as Mr. Crowther says, those in the trade believe such ads are successful. If they are successful, then it seems up to the movie-goer to register his disapproval to the theater owner. Word will get around. As Mr. Crowther asks: "What price integrity?"

**Johnny's Books.** Dorothy Thompson recently compared modern readers for children with older ones. The old readers concentrated on the finest literature, set before children the example of great men, were intent to use great literature as a means of building character, and set about morally to influence children. But "the children depicted in modern readers live in an uncharted ethical miasma of being 'happy,' engaging in do-it-yourself projects"; the child meets no convincing examples of great virtues; standards of conduct are vague. The result: "mental and spiritual rickets."

**The Apathetic American.** As the politicians pound the hustings, what of the typical American citizen? Is he flocking out to be preached at, to have his hand shaken and his babies kissed? If he is, you would hardly know it. From the evidence we have seen, the current presidential campaign is

merely another in a long list of distractions in the average American's distracted life. To him, politicians are in the same league with persistent, overtalkative salesmen; somehow vaguely necessary for the functioning of the American way of life, but to be suffered, not encouraged. For, after all, what really matters to the average American are the things that make up our national ritual—the transition between the baseball and football seasons, the mortgage payments, new babies, and the '57 cars. These command his common and abiding enthusiasm. Nevertheless, we quietly hope that between the mortgage and the babies and the cars, Mr. Average American somehow finds the time to study the issues and the candidates and on election day to express his best choice.

**The Apathetic Catholic.** If the apathetic citizen is a drag on the body politic, his religious counterpart is the apathetic Catholic who by his spiritual torpor acts as a brake on the divine energies of the Mystical Body of Christ, the Church. One of the best antidotes the Church has to offer for such apathy is the organization that recently held its tenth national congress in Buffalo, New York—the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. In a recent issue, this magazine joined in expressing the hope that the Congress would make a great deal of noise and the hope was more than fulfilled. May we now add the further wish that the noise was loud enough to rouse even the most sleepy member of the faithful long enough to add his name to his parish CCD roster. He can be assured that the CCD has more than enough work to keep him busily awake in the cause of Christ.

**Lay Missionaries and Lay Deacons.** Two fresh signs of the increasingly important role of the layman in the life of the Church were recent reports stating that: 1. The diaconate, one of the major orders now reserved for candidates for the priesthood, may be conferred on worthy laymen, and 2. A full scale study is now under way into the prospects for a well organized effort to send U.S. lay missionaries—married and single—to foreign countries. Both reports are evidence, if evidence is needed, that the Catholic layman is fast coming of age in a period that is a challenging one for the Mystical Body of Christ.

Religious News Service Photos



Indian ceremonial dance is demonstrated by a young Indian, winner of a Marquette League scholarship



Wearing occluders, priests who work among the blind get first hand experience of the meaning of blindness



Rev. Martin Gusinde, noted anthropologist and friend. His studies of pygmies are world famous



Judge William J. Brennan, named to Supreme Court by President Eisenhower, is the only Catholic on Court



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# Father Maurice Challenges the South

**Fr. Maurice loves the South. He has served it well. But he has dreams; and these dreams demand change**

by MILTON LOMASK

ANYONE PRIVILEGED to watch at first hand the activities of the Very Rev. Maurice Vincent Shean of Rock Hill, South Carolina, is bound sooner or later to recall the sign that blazed so arrogantly from the walls of army orderly rooms in World War II: "The difficult we do at once; the impossible takes a little longer."

For two decades, as a Catholic leader in the overwhelmingly Protestant South and an outspoken advocate of racial equality, Father Maurice has been tossing off the difficult as a matter of routine and tackling the impossible with what Mark Twain called "the courage of a Christian in a poker game with four aces up his sleeve."

In an area where Catholics are few and far between, Father Maurice has played a conspicuous and often decisive role in at least a dozen programs aimed at bringing Catholic social principles to bear on southern problems. His comfortably cluttered office in the home of the religious community he heads in Rock Hill has been the birthplace of most of these programs.

It was in this office, in the summer of 1954, that Father Maurice and the other priests of his order made the decision that today gives Rock Hill the only integrated parochial school—indeed the only integrated school of any sort—in South Carolina. It was in this office, at a still earlier date, that three Rock Hill



## Rock Hill—and the South—are using Father Maurice to the



**Italian refugee farm families attend Sunday Mass celebrated by Fr. Maurice at "the farm"**



**Confirmation at St. Anne's. For twenty years Fr. Maurice has kept a record of pro-integration**

citizens—Father Maurice: J. Emmett Jerome, Rock Hill's able, energetic and Methodist mayor; and Robert Suritz, leader of its Jewish community—initiated the plans that enabled their city to meet the Supreme Court's May 1954 decision on integration in the public schools with calmness and good sense. And it was in this office, years ago, that the first halting steps were taken toward the establishment of a 2,000-acre land reclamation project that in the opinion of Mayor Jerome "is going to revolutionize for the better" the farming practices of York county, the 3,000-square-mile half-agricultural, half-industrial county in north central South Carolina where Rock Hill stands.

On the day of this reporter's arrival in Rock Hill, everything was hot and sunny, dry heat and broiling sun. Everything was pretty, for in midsummer the crepe myrtle is blooming in southern yards, the spreading water oaks which shade them are a glossy green, and the wisteria, tumbling over the porch roofs, is lush with purple blooms. It was shortly after noon, the heat of the day, and Rock Hill's 35,000 citizens, sensible souls, were off the streets and inside, hugging their air conditioners.

Father Maurice was hugging his in his office at the rear of the Oratory, the home of his Order. It is a small office, giving at first the impression of being

some sort of archive into which a miscellany of items has been dumped on the dubious chance that someday someone will get around to doing something about them.

"In weather like this," are his opening words, "you have no idea how I long for the good old days when I weighed a trifling 220 pounds."

At forty-three, Father Maurice's six-foot-one-quarter-inch frame tips the scales at 295. There's a sprinkle of gray in the brown curls, thought lines across the high brow of his handsome head, laugh lines at the corners of his bluish-gray eyes.

"So," he says, "you'd like to see what the Church is trying to do down here and what, if anything, is being accomplished. Good enough. I'll show you what's afoot. One thing I can tell you as a starter—"

At which point, Father Maurice pauses long enough to fan himself with his hands, the gesture of a man without faith in mechanical coolers. "We've learned," he continues, "not to put much stock in what southerners tell us they will *not* do. I've been to a thousand meetings called to consider plans for social improvement. At every such meeting, someone rises to say, 'This is a fine plan but after all, ladies and gentlemen, this is the South so it can't be done.' Whereupon the next day or the

next week or maybe the next year, someone girds up his loins and does it.

"In other words—." At which point there is another pause and another fanning, abetted this time by a large handkerchief. "In other words," Father Maurice repeats with emphasis, "you are now in that part of the United States where the things everyone says can't be done eventually get done, provided there's someone around who isn't afraid to just naturally up and do them. We've found that we can do our work properly here by keeping one thing in mind: We have to make clear to people at all times exactly where the Church stands on big issues and proceed accordingly. All we need are forthrightness, firmness, and patience. And the greatest of these is patience, a fact about which we dare not complain. After all, Our Lord taught that patience is a virtue and here in the South we are given magnificent opportunities to practice it.

"All of which—," another pause and an even more vigorous fanning, "all of which brings us to the big question: How shall we start?"

We started, and will follow a similar procedure in this report, with the Oratory itself, going from there to some of the projects in which Father Maurice and the other priests of his Order are involved.

Until recently the Oratory of Rock



he a result, the Church grows.



Miss Hennessy conducts a class in St. Anne's parochial school. Integration was begun easily in 1954



The five youngest children of Mr. and Mrs. Celio Inigneri enjoy television at home on "the farm"

Hill was the only institution of its kind in the United States. Official name—Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Popular name—Oratorian Fathers. Founded—1575. Defined—by the *Catholic Encyclopedia*—as "a community of secular priests living under obedience but bound by no vows and dwelling in autonomous houses." Obviously an Order whose members have an unusual amount of freedom. Obviously too, an effective order for the South where, as Father Maurice has pointed out, "the Church usually develops in proportion as its priests study and help to meet not only the religious but also the social and economic needs of their communities."

When the Oratory was set up in 1934, there were eighteen Catholics in York county. Today there are some seven hundred. In 1934 there were two small chapels. Today the priests of the Oratory man ten chapels in seven widely scattered communities, conduct one large recreation center, supervise a kindergarten and a six-grade parochial school, and take care of the spiritual needs of two Catholic hospitals.

These statistics are not offered by way of suggesting that the Church is growing by leaps and bounds in York county. Far from it. The growth of the total population has greatly outstripped that of its Catholic segment.

The significance of the statistics lies not in their largeness, but in their smallness—in the fact, impressively apparent to the outside observer, that the influence of York county's little Catholic flock is all out of proportion to its size.

Non-Catholics in the area are aware of this and, on the whole, happy about it.

Rock Hill—and the South—are using Father Maurice to the hilt. He is one of the most active members of the fourteen-man executive board of the Southern Regional Council, south-wide, biracial organization dedicated to stimulating co-operation between White and Negro citizens. Since 1950, he has been chairman of the Catholic Committee of the South, established in 1939 by the bishops of the southeastern states "to promote Catholic solidarity in the Southland and to encourage social and economic programs in line with Christian principles."

As part-time election examiner for the National Labor Relations Board, he has conducted 150 elections in southern factories. He has lectured on industrial relations before numerous labor unions and in the Presbyterian school of religion at Charlotte, North Carolina, and on Catholicism in many Protestant churches. For four years, beginning in 1945, he and his fellow priests conducted a labor school at the Oratory, a project

which involved extensive preparations for the reason that 99 per cent of those attending were Bible-belt Protestants.

The parochial school in Rock Hill—St. Anne's—was integrated in September, 1954. On opening day, things were a little tense. Police were stationed nearby, but nothing of the least consequence occurred.

When the forty-six White and ten Negro children took their seats, it was found that only one of thirty-eight White families had withdrawn their children. In the course of the year, one little White boy twice passed remarks intended to hurt the feelings of one little Negro boy. Another White lad informed a teacher that his father had instructed him to throw rocks at the Negro children but that, after making their acquaintance, he had decided he would rather play with them instead.

During the first week of school, a businessman living next door called the Oratory, saying that he thought the priests should "do something to stop those White and Negro kids from playing together at recess." Half-an-hour later he called again. He said he'd been watching the children and that since

MILTON LOMASK, former reporter for the New York Journal-American and other papers, is now a full-time free lance writer. He has written for many leading magazines.



they didn't seem to mind being together he saw no reason why he should complain.

All in all, the experiment at St. Anne's reflects the spirit of a remark by a white worker at the Rock Hill Printing and Finishing Company, Rock Hill's largest industry and largest textile factory of its kind in the world. Asked to voice his opinion of the Supreme Court integration ruling, the young millhand said, "I allow as these Southern governors who are working around the clock to duck that decision are wasting their time. When a tree is chopped down, you can't make it grow again by standing there and holding it up!"

Father Maurice attributes the success at St. Anne's "primarily to the fact that over a period of twenty years we here at the Oratory have built up a consistent record of pro-integration. When we finally took the step, the worst anyone could say was that we were merely doing what we had always preached."

Father Maurice sees a lesson to be learned in this, a lesson Southern Catholics everywhere are urged to con. "Whatever their religious beliefs or social customs," he says, "most Southerners are reasonable. In their hearts they tend to respect and go along with Catholics who consistently and vocally abide by the teachings of their Church."

Which brings us to another new Rock Hill program of which Mayor Jerome is understandably proud. It started in February of 1954. At that time the Supreme Court had the integration case under consideration and a decision was expected in a matter of months.

"I got to thinking about this," the Mayor recalls, "and it occurred to me that should the court decide for integration there might be some excitement around here and we ought to get ready for it."

Without further ado the mayor got hold of his friend Robert Suritz and the two went out to the Oratory for a talk with Father Maurice. Followed other meetings at the Oratory—meetings swelled by the presence of several business leaders and five Protestant ministers.

The upshot was that, two months before the Supreme Court ruling came down, the city council established the Rock Hill Council of Human Relations. The group's initial meeting at public library marked the first time that Rock Hill's White and Negro leaders ever sat down together to mull over a common problem. Thanks to a survey by the human relations council, Rock Hill today knows exactly what it would have to do to integrate its public schools. Among other things the survey shows that out of some 10,000 students in the

Rock Hill school district only twenty-six would be affected—that is, only twenty-six Negro boys and girls would have to be shifted into what are now all-White public schools. Thanks also to the human relations council and a suggestion from Father Maurice, the city recreation board has been enlarged and two Negroes are sitting on it for the first time.

In Father Maurice's own writings—and he has written widely and is shortly publishing a book on religion in the southeast—he has consistently taken the position that bi-racialism is *not* the South's number one problem. It is merely an effect of a complex of causes that go back to the terrible days of Reconstruction and are basically, though not exclusively, economic.

A prime factor in the Southern picture is the long-established tenant-sharecropper system of tilling the soil—a system which has brought the blight of erosion and infertility to widespread areas. Example: Driving along a country road recently, Father Maurice was hailed by a sharecropper at work.

"Reverend," the sharecropper said as Father Maurice approached, "while

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• Great men never feel great;  
small men never feel small.

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you're in town will you pick me up a plow point?"

Father Maurice asked the man why he didn't go in and get the point himself, and, after some hemming and hawing, the man admitted that he had no idea of how to order the proper size and kind. Further chit-chat brought out that he also had no idea what sort of fertilizer to put on his land, which was obviously in a bad way.

"The point," Father Maurice comments, "is that that man has been farming for thirty-three years. He has never learned to care for the soil because he has never owned so much as an inch of it. Consequently he has no interest in it or in the buildings on it. When he runs out of firewood, he simply tears a board off the house and tosses it into the stove."

To the religious man this kind of farming is not only economically disastrous, it is un-Christian. The land is one of God's greatest gifts and man's fundamental relationship to it is that of a steward. He is under profound moral obligation to keep it in good shape and to improve it, an obligation he is unlikely to honor unless he himself has some equity in the land or at the very least a lease on it.

For years Father Maurice has been dreaming of a scheme aimed at bringing this idea of stewardship-of-the-land to bear, at least in a small way, on the Southern rural problem. At this moment, his scheme is well on its way to fulfillment.

Thirty miles from Rock Hill, Italian refugee farm families are being settled along the Broad River on a long-fallow, 2000-acre tract, spoken of simply and fondly by the natives as "the farm."

The farm, purchased for \$80,000 in 1954, is the first step in an ambitious land reclamation and refugee resettlement program sponsored by the Catholic Relief Services of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. To supervise and finance the project, two organizations have been set up. One is the York County Produce company, through which individuals can purchase stock in the enterprise at \$100 a share. The other is the Farm and Family Foundation, through which people can make outright donations if they so prefer.

Early in July, 1956, saw the arrival of the first Italian family—Mr. and Mrs. Giovanni Gherinich, two strapping sons in their mid-twenties and twenty-year-old daughter. When Papa Gherinich saw the farm for the first time, he put his hands to his head and waved it back and forth in pure delight, saying in Italian, "The trees! The trees!" One reason for bringing Italians to the area is that the climates of Italy and South Carolina are almost identical; but Italy's rocky soil does not produce trees in anything like South Carolinian abundance.

July 10, 1956, saw the arrival of two more families, two brothers: Giovanni Inigneri, his wife, and eight children; and Celio Inigneri, his wife, and twelve children.

The families are nicely settled now in three of the eight modern homes, each costing \$4,700, erected on the farm. Each family has forty acres and as income exceeds operating costs each will acquire an equity in, and eventually own, its own property.

To manage the farm as a whole, the York County Produce Company has obtained the services of one of America's foremost agronomists, Dr. Paul Sacco, founder and for ten years director of the rural life program for the diocese of Davenport, Iowa. At the time of the purchase of the farm, six tenant farmers—three White and three Negro—were living on the area. Four remain and one of the Negroes, William Good, has become Dr. Sacco's capable right-hand man.

Needless to say, a lot of thought and sweat have gone into the creation of this project and Father Maurice is emphatic  
(Continued on page 74)



**Jean Kerr at home:**  
The private Mrs. Kerr fits  
all the old-fashioned  
phrases—good friend, good  
wife, and good mother



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES LOWE

# The Many-Gifted Mrs. Kerr

Broadway's Jean Kerr is writer, wit, and TV panelist, but first of all she is wife and mother

by PHILIP J. SCHARPER

AN OPENING NIGHT on Broadway is always exciting, but when the curtain went up for *King of Hearts* two years ago there was even more excitement than usual. *King of Hearts* had been written by Jean Kerr and directed by her husband, Walter, the highly regarded drama critic of the New York *Herald Tribune*. A failure or even a mediocre success would shadow her reputation as a promising playwright and his reputation as an outstanding critic. Jean and Walter breathed a prayer as the curtain went up—the rest was up to the audience and the critics.

The audience roared with laughter at line after line and scene after scene. The critics—who roar with indignation, but never laughter—smiled broadly. *King of Hearts* was a hit.

The next day the Kerrs' phone rang early. A pro-

ducer wanted to know if Jean would be interested in writing the book for a new musical. The phone rang again, and again, and again. *King of Hearts* was sold to Paramount as a starring vehicle for Bob Hope; the title was changed to *That Certain Feeling*, and the film is currently convulsing audiences from coast to coast. Within two weeks Jean and Walter had twenty-six offers to do musicals and countless requests for lectures and TV appearances. Jean and Walter were fully established as "the Kerrs of Broadway."

Ten years ago they were the Kerrs of Catholic University, where Walter's dynamic teaching and directing and Jean's deftly written comedies were helping to bring national fame to the Speech and Drama Department of the University.

Jean and Walter Kerr had, in fact, met when he



was an instructor in the Drama Department and she was one of his students. Walter was as demanding a teacher then as he is a demanding critic today, and Jean explains, ruefully, that she married Walter because she thought it might help in passing his exams. Her ruse didn't work, however; Walter never gave his wife a pre-exam hint and continued to ask "impossible questions" in his classes. The only concession he ever made to his student-wife, according to Jean, was to take care of the baby's 2 A.M. feeding in the months before her final exams. He would rise dutifully at the first cry from the infant, go down to the kitchen and return with a bottle for the baby in one hand and a textbook for Jean in the other.

After Jean's completion of her grad-



uate studies, she and Walter remained at Catholic University, where both their family and fame continued to grow. Three of their four children were born in Washington—Christopher, now 10½, and the twins, John and Colin, 6. Jean, freed at last from the burden of preparing for her husband's exams, turned to writing plays for the Catholic University Theater. *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* was bought instantly for the amateur market; *The Song of Bernadette* and *Jenny Kissed Me* made the long journey from Catholic University to Broadway. The latter is still a favorite on the summer circuit. Jean and Walter then combined their talents to write *Touch and Go*, a musical revue which was first performed at the University and then played for a season in New York and London.

In 1950 Walter took a year's leave of

absence from teaching, and he and Jean brought the family to New York. Walter became Drama Critic for *The Commonwealth*, and Jean began to write *King of Hearts* (in collaboration with Eleanor Brooke) in the odd minutes left over from caring for her family, recently enlarged by the birth of Gilbert.

Walter's reviews in *The Commonwealth* soon made him recognized as a "critic's critic." After two years on *The Commonwealth*, he took over the critic's column on the New York *Herald Tribune* and soon established a reputation as one of the country's foremost critics.

It is obvious, then, that the Kerrs did not "wake to find themselves famous" after the success of *King of Hearts*. A glance at the immense amount of work they had done in their six years at Catholic University and their four years in New York makes it clear that they had never been asleep.

Never ones to rest on their laurels, Jean and Walter have recently finished a new musical which is slated for production next year. While this work was being completed, they also found time to build a doghouse (ranch style) for "Kelly," the Irish terrier they had bought for the boys; Walter finished a crisp and critical book on modern drama, and Jean wrote the script for the TV Omnibus production of Molnar's *The Good Fairy* and began work on a musical version of Cleveland Amory's *The Last Resorts*.

All of these details, of course, simply add up to the fact that Jean Kerr is a successful woman. These facts represent the "public" Jean Kerr, who can be known by reading the newspapers and magazines. But they tend to conceal, rather than reveal, the Jean Kerr known to her husband, her children, and her friends. For the private Jean Kerr is as successful as the public one. She fits all of the old-fashioned phrases—she is a good friend, a good wife, a good mother, and to these careers Jean brings the same enthusiasm and energy which mark her writing.

Jean refuses to underestimate her children. From their infancy on, she deals with them with what can only be called respect—not only for their "rights" but also for their potentialities.

Since both parents are writers, it is not surprising that the Kerr children show an early interest in the written word. Christopher, at the age of 10½, has already written some respectable poetry on the typewriter his parents gave him last Christmas. His favorite subjects are the Blessed Sacrament, school experiences, and the seasons. Christopher has already found a good agent in his mother, who will quote from his poetry even if no hat is

dropped. Her current favorite is "Marbles," which begins:

*Every year when Spring comes knocking I carry marbles in my stocking.*

True to the squirrel instincts of the writer ("you never know when it might come in handy"), Christopher has filed all his poetry alphabetically in one of his father's bureau drawers. The twins are similarly concerned with the area of communications. After their first day in the first grade last September, John was discovered on the sofa in the living room—evening paper in hand—tears in eyes. When questioned, he answered dolefully: "I've been in school one whole day, and I still can't read the newspaper." Gilbert, 3½, speaks little, and is the object of his brothers' semantic concern; the twins practice reading to him, and Christopher tries out his poetry on the inscrutable Gilbert. To all that is read to him, be it from Mother Goose or Christopher Kerr, Gilbert has but one, unvarying response. He merely shakes his head slowly from side to side, a trait which makes Jean suspect that he will grow up to be a drama critic.

Long a star student in the do-it-yourself school, Jean makes drapes, sands and refinishes furniture, and upholsters chairs. In the first days of her marriage she decided that her apartment would look better with cornices on the windows, but she was unwilling to pay the price of ready-made cornices. With that combination of practicality and imagination that marks almost everything she does, Jean devised her own cornices. She tacked Jello boxes to each side of the window and stretched the material over them.

In a sense, Jean backed into the theater through the kitchen door. While she liked cooking and most of the chores connected with a home, she never liked housecleaning. Honestly admitting the situation to herself, she decided that she wanted a maid. Maids, of course, cost money and at this point Jean had less money for a maid than desire for one. She reviewed the possibilities and decided that she did have an ability to write. With the maid on her mind, she wrote her first play. She sold the play and hired the maid. Actually she hired more than a maid—she hired Mabel, who is also part-time cook and full-time counselor for the whole family. From that time on, whenever she wanted something for the house she would sit down and write a play for the school

PHILIP J. SCHARPER, well-known writer and lecturer on literary and religio-cultural subjects, is Associate Editor of *The Commonwealth* and former movie critic for *The Marianist*.



or amateur market. Jean even forgets the titles of some of them and can recall them only by what she bought with the royalties. She refers to her second play as "Automatic Washer," her third play as "Living Room Rug," and her favorite play from those early days is "Modernize the Kitchen." If Jean ever comes to write her autobiography she might well call it *From Sears Roebuck to Broadway*.

In addition to her own busy careers as mother, homemaker, and playwright, Jean also shares the careers of her husband. Behind Walter in all of his successful efforts as critic, director, author, and playwright stands a woman who is herself successful in many of these fields. Even critics need a critic, and no one reads Walter's reviews with greater interest or more critical eye than does Jean.

When Walter is not reviewing someone else's play, he and Jean are usually collaborating on their own. In this situation they deliberately treat each other like suspicious strangers rather than husband and wife. This enables them to be hard on each other's ideas and easy on each other's feelings. As a result, both Jean and Walter are in full agreement on every act, character, and line that goes into the play. If Walter is trying out a completely new idea, Jean resorts to the "uninterested stranger" approach. She stretches out on the sofa with a Sears-Roebuck catalogue. Like many another American, Jean finds this mail-order showcase fascinating. If an idea of Walter's can tear her away from the catalogue, then she knows it is good.

For the most part, Walter agrees that Jean's S-R test is valid, but he simply closes up the typewriter whenever she turns to the pages on kitchen gadgets. Where Jean is concerned, not even Shakespeare could compete against the allure of a chrome-plated slicer-dicer with rubber-tipped feet in a choice of nine pastel colors. But the success of Walter and Jean's Broadway ventures to date testifies to the wisdom of their "strangers-technique."

It is characteristic of Jean that she is generous with what she has least of—her time. Despite the constant pressures upon her, she is always able to listen to the problems of her friends. But she is more than a mere listener; the same imagination which enables her to create fictional characters enables her to feel a real sympathy with another. And, with that practicality which is as characteristic of her as the slight tilt of her nose, she is usually able to offer a sensible solution to the problem she both understands and feels.

This same warmth and concern for people characterize her conversation.

Jean's wit has become famous, not only along Broadway, but across the nation as a result of her many appearances on such TV shows as *Down You Go*, *What's the Story?* and the Jack Paar Show. But she is never witty at someone else's expense. Ideas, not reputation, are her target, and her aim is good. She is like the marksman who can shoot the buttons off a coat without harming the one who wears it. The only person she ever turns her wit upon is herself.

That fact, I think, is the clue to the real Jean Kerr. Those who know her best don't really think of her as a successful playwright or a sparkling conversationalist. They think of her as that remarkable person who has so many thoughts for others that she has none left for herself.



**Opposite page—As mother, Mrs. Kerr is quite accustomed to such things as juicy kisses from son Gilbert, 3½**

**Top—Colin, 6, looks on as Mrs. Kerr brushes Gilbert's hair. Gilbert, she predicts, will grow up to be a critic**

**Above—Latest play helped buy Kerr's new home. Jean titles her biography "From Sears Roebuck to Broadway"**

**Right—Drama critic Walter Kerr during first-night intermission. He has rapidly become New York's top critic**







# The Hunting of the Unicorn

If you had a son, and your son's four-year-old friend

by Frank P. Jay

had died, what could you say? What would you want him to learn?

**I**F Amos were here now he could explain to my son that his little four-year-old friend Charlie is dead. Christopher's gray eyes are troubled. He is surrounded by soft toys and cuddly, pink-cheeked angels. There is no death in his world yet. I'm afraid that if I try to explain, among all these soft and gentle things, he'd see only the grim vision of human parting, burial, decay: that he'd be afraid, and he must not be afraid of *that*, for there are worse things he must learn to fear.

But Amos could have told him because Amos would have known what to say: Amos, who was older than the spruces on Sawtooth Mountain and as wise as the kings of the world.

When we were children, Amos, who was in his eighties then, lived with us and helped to bring us up. He worked

for my father driving team. He could still shoe horses, milk, cut hay, and help out in the thousands of jobs an Adirondack farmer had facing him in those days. I suppose, strictly speaking, Amos was employed by my father, but he had his own bedroom, and in our long, warm kitchen with its huge woodstove and beagle hounds and strings of apples drying he had his own rocker. He's been dead for almost a quarter of a century now but we all remember him, those of us that are left, not so much as a kind and good man, which of course he was, but rather as the quiet companion of our unworried hours of childhood.

In the cold evenings Amos would read to us children in our huge room under the eaves of the old, square-timbered farmhouse while the snow rat-

tled over the slates and the awful wind moaned among the empty boughs of the forest: the very voice of death.

And the books he read were not afraid of death. Amos had never himself been to school, and the books were his only education. But what stories they were! Lear, and his daughters; Christian, who passed through the sadness of the world on his way to heaven; the mad knight, Don Quixote; and the wonderful stories of Robin Hood that we could imitate so easily among our own mountains, for every white cedar tree provides a thousand bows and every slim choke-cherry is an arrow.

Amos was tall with the look of the hawks. Across the years I can still see his face in the orange lamplight and hear his fine, old voice rolling the heavy cadences of *Paradise Lost*, while seven





Illustrated by  
CHARLES MAZOUJIAN

*Out of the woods stepped a monstrous deer. My rifle pointed at his heart*

pairs of children's eyes stared over the huge, patchwork quilt into the shadows at the halfseen powers and principalities and heard in the rush of wind and snow the thundering of Satan's webbed wings.

Sometimes I would pretend to close my eyes long after the younger children would be asleep, to see how long Amos would read. He read on and on, himself lost in the story. In reading, this peniless old man gave us a great gift, but that was only reading. He gave us an even greater gift elsewhere.

History passed our region by. The channels of exploration lay to the east of us along the valleys of Lake Champlain and Lake George that was once called the lake of the Blessed Sacrament, once vital with the blood of the Martyrs. The American Revolution ran its course to the south and west along the river called after those dreadful men, the Mohawks, who had among their bloody ranks at least one saint. Our trees grew tall. Among those rocks and in those foggy valleys only the outcast Algonquins traveled. The name "Adirondack" means, in the language of the Iroquois, "tree-eater," for little enough else will grow even today. The upper

reaches of the Hudson were opened and settled last of all other sections of the state.

We lived odd lives, strangely untouched by the twentieth century, prince-regents of our lonely, lovely empire, and Amos showed us its beauty and its terror. Death was all around us. The hand of God touched and controlled the immense patterns of birth and growth, fruition and decay. This Amos showed us.

We planted our fields. He told us the proper times when the snow water was out of the mountains and the earth was warm with the June sunshine and black with fine, rotted dung. We prayed for rain with him in July and watched in a kind of awe the gray shifting columns moving down the valley.

We counted the *annuli*, the concentric growth rings in the immense maples we cut, at his direction, for firewood, two years in advance for we had to out-guess the seasons.

He took us into the woods for days on end to secret, hidden ponds where the great, red-fleshed trout lay in the black waters and showed us how to kill them mercifully when their gallant fight was over. The exultation of conquest

paled a little at the sight of the thread of blood coiling away from the hooked jaw but Amos never smiled at our brief sadness. It was his way of showing that death is necessary. It was another of our introductions. He never took more than we needed and never killed what we could not eat.

We were never boisterous in the woods, because there was a kind of respectful seriousness about Amos, an almost churchlike awe for the works of God.

And we saw death in other ways: in the mangled rabbit the soft-eyed hounds would leave after the hysterical, yelping chaos of the fight was over; in the screeching hen carried away by the chicken hawk; but most spectacularly in the game brought home by the older boys.

This was the time of the Depression in the early 1930's. It meant little enough to us. We had no radio; read no newspapers. Dollars were harder to come by, but we had always been pretty self-sufficient, what with the food we raised, the animals butchered, and the fish and venison taken in the woods.

The older boys, Dolph and Matthew, and our father hunted the year around.



They never sold the venison, but we never went hungry. It was illegal to hunt like this, of course. The only justification for it lay in the fact that it was absolutely necessary for survival, and I learned that each of them confessed breaking the law to the priest. It hung on their consciences, and later when times eased up for us they quit, hunting then only in legal season. But to me it seemed like the greatest of all sports made more exciting because of the element of real danger.

I begged always to be allowed to go with them, but I was too young, eight or nine I guess, and they never let me come. I *had* to share their glory. Rabbits at least I thought I could get. Anything to eat would be welcome. I knew. I didn't tell Amos, but one August afternoon I made all my preparations for hunting rabbits just as I had seen my father and brothers prepare for hunting deer. I laid out my pack basket, my woolen shirt, my knife, a length of light rope, matches, a flashlight. I carefully cleaned and oiled my rifle, a twenty-two, and, with a hand drill, carefully drilled holes in the noses of six long-rifle cartridges to increase killing power. I thought I knew all the tricks, for we had read a great deal of James Fenimore Cooper and the shadow of the Deer-slayer walked always behind me.

So at dusk, off I went. At the top of the hill I met the rising moon and felt a little foolish. It would be a bright night: a bad night for hunting. I had forgotten to consider the moonrise, but maybe it wouldn't be bad for rabbit hunting. I passed through the cedars and came out into the broad open pasture washed white by the moon.

The rabbit run was beside a flat-topped, cloven rock half the size of our house. Although I had never hunted rabbits, or anything else for that matter, before, I assumed that the thing to do would be to lie silently with long patience until they appeared. And so I climbed the rock, lay in the shadow of the cleft, cocked the rifle, and waited a long time. A tiny breeze breathed once through the surrounding forests. I felt it and thought smugly that I was downwind as I should be. The rabbits would not catch my scent at least. In the motionless night I could hear the bullfrogs in the pond at the foot of Bullhead mountain and the bats' tiny squealing.

The rock was still warm from the day and I had fallen under the spell of the beautiful night. I lay marveling at the immensity of the silence when a branch snapped softly at the edge of the woods. I grew instantly tense, my pulse pounding. I was really going to get a rabbit. My nose settled next to the stock of the rifle; my finger tightened

on the trigger. Any moment . . .

Then, out of the woods stepped a monstrous deer. My heart gave a great leap. It was a buck in the velvet. He paused and tested the wind, then stepping slow as a king and softly as the breeze of morning he moved out into the clearing and standing, broadside to me, began to browse. The distance was not forty feet and my rifle was pointing at his heart.

In those days I won chickens regularly at the Sunday afternoon rifle matches, down beside the river. Rest-shooting at one-hundred and fifty feet with that twenty-two, I could group three shots that you could cover with a dime. Here I could see the moonlight shining on the front sight through the aperture of the rear peep. That deer was mine! Amos always said to take a breath, let it out, then squeeze off the shot. He always said I'd be the best shot of the bunch. I took a deep breath and let it out. But I never squeezed the trigger.

For just then the buck raised his head and looked right at me. He was the most beautiful creature I'd ever looked upon. I could see before me not game or meat on the table but a silver and gold unicorn, a gentle and wonderful thing. All the freedom of my childhood stood there, the will-o'-the-wisp joy, the sweet forests, the starlight. I lay in the cleft of the warm stone weak with wonder and love for the creature. He never knew that I was there. He grazed to the edge of the forest again and vanished from me forever. Still I measure my life from that night and often wonder what would have been the difference if I had pulled the trigger.

I never told my father or brothers, but a week before he died, I told Amos. He listened to the whole story, then did a thing I had never seen him do before,

for he was not given to demonstrations of affection. He reached out his twisted, old talon and with it covered my hand and said in a voice gnarled with age: "Let there be animals in the woods, Brendon, and not in the houses of man."

I have been much in love with the beautiful world: with the deep, misty valleys of summer, with the splendid autumn when all the world is gold. But all flowers wither and even the strongest spruce tree red-hearts and dies. Then I must remember that, after the bleak dread of winter, beneath the dead ice and the vacant wind, lies deep the heart of God's world and the springtime always comes.

And so tomorrow I'll take Christopher down as I often do and we'll walk the shore of the salt bay beside the ocean that Amos never saw. I'll show my son the moving tides, the northern passage of the waterfowl because it is springtime again, the rocks worn by the power of the wind and water, and the driftwood that floats on the face of the sea. Then when he grows thoughtful and quiet I'll tell him that Charlie is dead and has gone to God but that we will all meet again one day. I'll show him that death is only part of the pattern and that it is always followed by a rebirth and a return. It takes a long time to learn these things and he may not understand just now, but in time he may.

Then, before we leave that sunny place where the dry sand whispers before the wind among last year's dry cat-tails, we'll throw round pebbles into the quiet tide-pools and watch the ripples spread and grow, for the pattern swings on forever and the inevitable death of the beautiful creature, which we would spare in mercy, is a thing which no man who sees the pattern can ever fear.



*The older boys and father hunted all year. I was too young*



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A SIGN PICTURE STORY

Photographs by Max G. Scheler

# THE MAN WITH THE SACK







*As night settles on Rome's ancient hills,  
a man walks among the ruins with food for the hungry,  
clothes for the naked, and comfort for the lonely*

## **the man with the sack**

Late on chilly winter evenings in Rome, a man gathers about him a few companions, pauses for a visit before a grated streetside chapel, loads a heavy sack on his shoulders, and starts off on a search for the poor, the homeless, the hungry, the ill clad, and the merely forgotten people who live among the ruins of the ancient city. His name is Mario Tirabassi. By day he is a doctor; by night he is Rome's "Man with the Sack" out on a personal mission of mercy. Tirabassi knows where to look for his poor—in crannies of the ancient Coliseum, in niches in the walls of Vatican City, anywhere a homeless man might find crude shelter from the wintry night. What urges him on? It is something more than sentimental feeling; it is, in fact, his vision of Christ—suffering and rejected—in the faces of the Roman poor.

*Dr. Mario Tirabassi, lower left of picture, walks in the night on his mission of mercy*



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*The small gift bag will let this sleeping man know that Tirabassi passed his way*

Magnum Photos

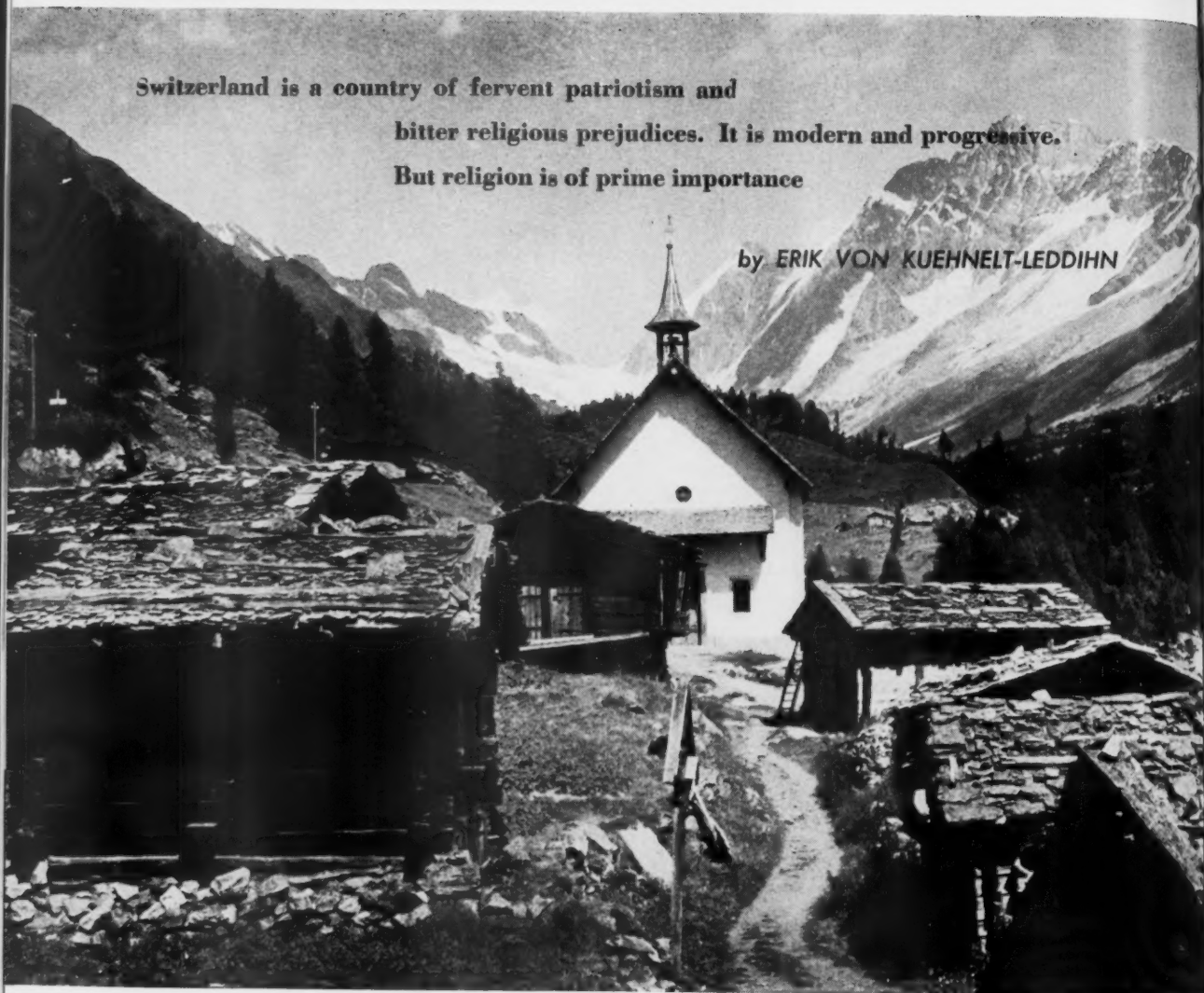


*A friendly word evokes a smile, and then, "We heard you were stealing again, Francesco." "Don't believe a word of it. I'm the most honest man alive."*



Switzerland is a country of fervent patriotism and  
bitter religious prejudices. It is modern and progressive.  
But religion is of prime importance

by ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN



## *The Church in Switzerland*

SWITZERLAND IS A LITTLE UNIVERSE. Each of its federal states ("cantons") is a world in itself, distinct from its neighbor by history, by law, and by religion rather than by language. Switzerland is, for this reason, a country of fervent patriotism but at the same time of bitter religious prejudices and local animosities. It shows that a nation can be modern and "progressive" but that, at the same time, the Faith may continue to be of prime importance.

After my arrival in Zürich, the largest Swiss city and one of Europe's biggest banking and commercial centers, I stepped out of the railroad station feeling like a private detective. Instinctively

I went to the church where I once had attended Mass. As a fairly well-known contributor to a Swiss Catholic monthly, I had no difficulty in getting an interview from the pastor.

"I don't envy you your task," he said with a broad smile. "Whatever you say about Switzerland is always right and wrong at one and the same time. It might be correct here and nonsense half-an-hour away. In Zürich, of course, we are in the dispersion. We Catholics in this canton are like the Irish in England. Here the ministers of the Reformed Church get a regular salary from the Cantonal government and so do even the priests of the 'Old Catholic' schism. Yet we are, financially, entirely

on our own. We have our churches and our schools, but we have to pay for everything. Of course, we do not establish elementary schools because we won't waste our money for the three R's, but we run secondary schools which take care of many of our youngsters in the formative age. If you go to Bâle, which is just as Protestant as Zürich, you'll see that they have religious instruction in the public schools. But not here. And you know why?" There was a sadly ironical glimmer in the eyes of the priest when he mentioned to me the name of one of the greatest Swiss Protestant theologians. "You know what this man said? He declared to a Catholic friend of mine



that we never could expect equal treatment with the Protestants in Zürich because this is the city of the immortal Ulrich Zwingli."

"And how many Catholics are there in Zürich?"

"A hundred years ago an occasional Mass was being said for Catholic soldiers passing through, but today almost one-third of the city is Catholic. How many of them are fully practicing their religion? Heaven knows. I would say fifty to sixty per cent, not more. It's quite different in the villages of the Center where sometimes as many as ninety to ninety-five out of a hundred are fully living up to their religion. The newcomers drifting in from the Catholic cantons never had been trained to stand up against this odd mixture of total irreligion and fighting Calvinism which we have here in the North. They are literally 'uprooted.' Their friends and relatives are left behind. They finally contract mixed marriages. If it would not have been for this constant leakage we would have today half of Switzerland in the Church. Look at this piece of statistics. Two years ago in this nation 40,900 children were born of Protestant and 39,392 children of Catholic mothers. Yet in 1950 we had only 41.6 per cent of the grand total of the nation. In 1930 it was 40.1 per cent. A scandalously slow growth, you'll admit. And then we have the Italian immigration—all workers and maids. They are even more helpless than our Central Swiss. Just go to a church on Sunday and you'll see the young girls who quickly cover their heads before entering. They're all Italians, unless they're American tourists. We've got to get hold of them."

"Is there any accusation that our religion is 'un-Swiss.'"

"Never openly, because ridicule would kill it. All our great historical sites are in the 'blackest' Catholic area."

I took leave of the pastor to visit a Jesuit friend. Calling his residence and inquiring for Father R., I was told with marked emphasis that "Doktor R." would be happy to see me. A taxi took me to the villa in the suburbs surrounded by beautiful trees. There is not the slightest outward sign of a spiritual center, since the Jesuits are not allowed to form a community. All "activity in church and school" is strictly forbidden them by law. I sat opposite the Jesuit in his study.

"I am a Swiss citizen," he said good-humoredly, "so I cannot be deported. Nor is there any proviso in the anti-Jesuit law about the penalty if I cause 'trouble.' Of course, we Jesuits cannot run schools, and I cannot preach from the pulpit. All I could do is to give an 'address' in my street-clothes."



*Statue of Swiss peasant, Saint Nicholas of Flüe, on street of Catholic canton of Zug*

*Below: the Swiss Alps provide a striking backdrop for sodality banners*



*Näfelsefahrt: the grandeur of the Swiss scenery brings much religious ceremonial out of doors*



"Radio?"

"We tried. Out of question."

"Publications?"

"Well, just as in France, there is a review, in our case a bi-weekly in which we Jesuits—let's say it this way—play a leading role."

"Any hopes for a repeal?"

The Jesuit, who is well known in the entire German-speaking world, took a deep breath. "As a matter of fact, there are non-Catholics, Protestants and genuine liberals, who resent and oppose these laws because they consider such restriction incompatible with the concept of Swiss liberties. They are fighting it; they write against it; they are honestly ashamed of it. But as to our chances in a plebiscite—that's a different matter. One cannot go on teaching the people for a solid hundred years that we are devils incarnate with hoofs and horns and then suddenly declare that we aren't so wicked after all. No, as to a plebiscite, I am quite pessimistic and you must realize that lies catch on. In a 'referendum' we would not get even one hundred per cent Catholic support."

North of the Pyrenees and south of the Baltic, this sort of legislation indeed smacks of the nineteenth century; yet in spite of all modernity, there is something of a nineteenth-century atmosphere about Switzerland, which in the last 150 years avoided the convulsions of sanguinary revolutions and the blood baths of two world wars.

But two days later, when I visited Zug, just thirty minutes south of Zürich, I got a whiff from an earlier age. I first passed Kappel, the village where Ulrich Zwingli fell in battle, and then entered Catholic Switzerland. As with a bang the world had changed. I breathed the Catholic atmosphere of Zug where Franciscans and Capuchins walk in their habits with beards and sandals, where nuns usher their classes over the streets, where missionary societies abound. The Germanic character of the place also is unmistakable. You have only to walk into St. Oswald's, a beautiful, medieval church, and read over the confessional the name of the priest: "H. Herr Professor Doktor N.N."

Although Zug—canton and city—is the Catholic promontory of Switzerland, Lucerne is the real center. In this colorful, Alpine city I saw Dr. Wieck, who is a politician and the chief editor of *Das Vaterland*. First we spoke about the Catholic press in Switzerland. There are no less than seventy Catholic newspapers serving the two million Swiss Catholics.

"In their overwhelming majority, these papers are published by laymen,"

Dr. Wieck explained to me. "Once we thought to publish just one, big, national, Catholic daily for each language group, but we know that this won't work. Our people want papers presenting world news but always from a local point of view and interspersed with local information. That's the Swiss character. As to circulation, we know that two out of five Swiss Catholics subscribe to a Catholic newspaper. To this you must add our periodicals. Some of them also cater in a very oblique way to non-Catholic readers. Finally there are the purely diocesan publications."

"And what about party politics in all these papers?"

"Of course, most of our active Catholics, but not all of them, are voting for the Catholic Conservative Party and its Christian-Social wing; many of the papers, naturally, reflect this trend. We Catholic Conservatives, as you know, are well represented in the National Council, but even better in the Estates' Council which corresponds to the American Senate."

"In other words, as in the rest of Europe, you are mixing religion with politics."

"We like it as little as you do," Dr. Wieck replied gravely, "but we've got to face the hard facts of life. As soon as the enemies of the Church are organizing politically, we Catholics have to descend to the political arena. We're not going to surrender without a fight. Switzerland, we must not forget, is a democracy; in our country, simply everything is decided by the vote. Even our pastors are elected by the people. . . ."

"You don't say so."

"Didn't you know? Only in the dispersion are the pastors appointed by their bishops. Not such a long time ago we had a vicar who came forward as a candidate against his pastor, but that was a little bit thick and after he lost at the polls, the bishop removed him. We Swiss are a difficult and headstrong people. When, in the Middle Ages, the canton Schwyz was placed under the Interdict and no Masses could be celebrated 'on its soil,' the Schwyzers built whole chapels *under* the ground. As you see, we don't take easily orders from anybody."

A day later I left Lucerne, and via Bâle, Olten, and Berne I traveled to Fribourg. In Bâle I met another editor who told me about a case which sadly highlights the Catholic-Calvinist rela-

tionship in Switzerland and hardly could have happened anywhere else. In Pratteln, not far from Bâle, beautiful frescoes were discovered during restoration work in a Protestant church of medieval, Catholic vintage. For centuries they had been hidden under a layer of paint. All Switzerland exulted over the discovery, but the minister slyly gave the keys of the church to a group of fanatical youngsters, telling them with a leer that he didn't care what happened to this piece of popery—whereupon with hammer and chisel they went to work.

In Bâle I also met the Reverend H. U. von Balthasar and Frau von Speyer, two brilliant Catholic writers. In Olten I marveled at the equipment of the Otto Walter Company, one of the biggest Catholic publishing houses in Europe. Olten moreover harbors a radically modern Catholic church.

So does Berne, the capital, where the Catholics are few and far between. The Brother Klaus church, dedicated to the national saint, St. Nicholas of Flüe, shows that the Swiss Catholics living in the solidly Protestant cantons are determined to be of the time and in the time.

Yet the thirty-five minutes by train from Berne to Fribourg transfer the traveler from one world into another, from the domains of John Calvin to those of Rome, from the realm of the German language to that of French predominance. If Lucerne is the center of Catholic Switzerland, Fribourg, with its walls, monasteries, and sturdy cathedral, is its fortress. The whole canton is like an island in the Protestant sea; it has a cantonal university of world renown and, owing to the close cooperation of Church and State, this institution of learning has a basically Catholic character. The city itself is three-quarters French and one-quarter German in language. The ethnic demarcation line goes right through it: its suburbs are French in the West and German in the East. But, whatever language is used in the city and the suburbs, they are solidly Catholic.

In Fribourg I stayed with old friends of mine, the Hassbergs, who, though of German origin, prefer to speak French. Decidedly not belonging to the highly intellectualized aristocracy of the canton, they are typical representatives of Switzerland's upper middle class, a country which knows neither paupers, nor unemployment, nor slums. The Hassbergs are practicing Catholics, but one could not consider them overly zealous in church activities. Clearly they are *praticants* and not *devots*. (There's a difference between the two.) The grandfather voted liberal, but Monsieur Jean-

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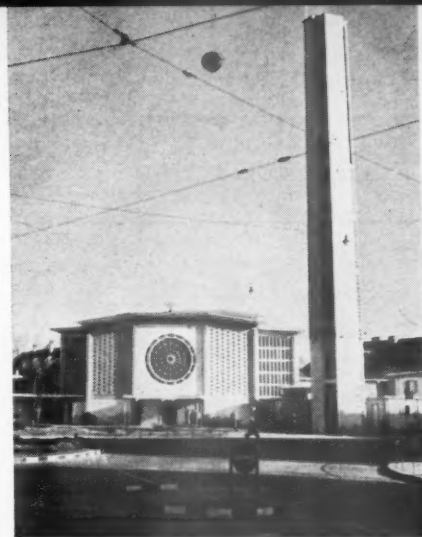
ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN, a native of Austria, is the author of many books and has written extensively for the Catholic press here and abroad.



Philippe Hassberg, who has an important position in a local insurance company, is a "Catholic-Conservative."

Religion is something the Hassbergs take as a matter of course; irreligion or lack of faith they consider as a mark of bad breeding and they would not dream of skipping Mass on Sunday or of neglecting the Sacraments at Easter. Madame and her younger daughter go to Holy Communion every week, but the Hassbergs never thought of sending their children to anything but public schools. Yet since they live in a Catholic canton, religion pervades all communal affairs and institutions. From the age of six, when they enter school, to the moment when they graduate from Fribourg University (which half of the Hassberg's progeny did), the young Fribour-

Of course, among the younger generation the faith is more militant; the young ones are less 'local' in their outlook and they are more aggressive in their religion. "You see," Monsieur Hassberg told me, "my oldest son, François, went to the Federal Polytechnic in Zürich, where he had joined a Catholic study circle, and after his graduation he accepted a job in Lausanne where he participates in a Catholic-Protestant round-table affair which fosters reunion. He and his bride also are taking a course in lay theology. We older ones, you must realize, restricted ourselves to stopping the onrushing tide of secularism in its crudest forms and to challenging Protestant supremacy, but the younger ones are not satisfied with just that. If they



*St. Nicholas of Flüe Church in Protestant city of Berne*



*A procession at Beromünster. The cavalcade gives added solemnity and interest to a local feast day*

geos will have religious instruction.

The newspapers the Hassbergs read, their library, the social circles they are moving in—everything breathes a modicum of Catholic thought. On Corpus Christi Day they will march in the procession; a battalion of the Federal Army will protect the Holy Eucharist, and the mayor with the cantonal authorities will walk behind the canopy. Protestants? In Fribourg there are just a few Calvinist immigrants who came from other cantons, but they "don't count." And if one visits Berne it is a little bit like venturing into the bailiwick of the enemy. If he has to go to Berne, Monsieur l'Abbé Furrer, the cousin of father Hassberg, will exchange his cassock for a black suit. (As in France they call it "*le clergyman*"). Yet he will do the same if he travels to Lucerne with its Germanic way of life.

have to live in the Protestant cantons they want to conquer these lost areas. The weaker ones among them, as you probably know, often lose their faith and become victims of that subtle materialism which inevitably appears in the wake of prosperity, but the stronger ones will be real apostles. . . . like François or like my wife's niece, who had a terrible time in a Neuchâtel college, where one of the teachers teased her brutally on account of her Faith. Finally she got his apologies. I personally never moved much outside of the Catholic cantons. My heart belongs to the Old cantons and their great monasteries. . . ."

And then Monsieur Hassberg talked about the big imposing monasteries. They all are in the ancient Catholic cantons and this means in the grim

*(Continued on page 76)*

*Some buildings of the great Catholic University of Fribourg*







**Siobhan McKenna.** Her performance in "Saint Joan" will be long remembered

# STAGE AND SCREEN

by Jerry Cotter

## St. Joan, Siobhan, and Shaw

The combination of Ireland's greatest actress, its most publicized playwright, and the dazzling story of the sainted Girl from Lorraine lights up the modern stage as it has seldom been illuminated. To be sure, there are flaws in the Shaw interpretation, but his **SAINT JOAN** is a truly fine drama, albeit biased and unfair in its approach to the Church's position and actions.

Shaw's prejudices and attitudes are not the subject under discussion at the moment. Siobhan McKenna's superb performance as Joan is the matter of great acclaim in this production, for it is one of the finest this generation will ever see. In voice, in manner, in appearance, and in understanding of the complex assignment, she is the French daughter of the peasantry, the girl whose voices led her through doubt and battle, bitter criticism and trial, to the martyrdom of Rouen.

From the moment of her first entrance, which this reviewer witnessed in its pre-Broadway performance at Cambridge, to the thrill of her final triumph, she dominates the play and enthalls the audience. Her slight Irish accent is no hindrance, but rather an asset, for it is both soft and scintillating and her flawless diction caresses the ears eloquently.

Miss McKenna, whose work has been hailed in Dublin, London, Stratford, in last season's Broadway production of *The Chalk Garden*, and on TV last June in *Cradle Song*,

is an actress of rare ability. She will be remembered when other Joans and other stars are dim memories.

The production itself is striking, a credit to Albert Marre's staging. Michael Wager, Ian Kieth, Kent Smith, and Dennis Patrick are all outstanding in their roles, components of an interesting production.

The doughty GBS displays his agnosticism and his anti-clericalism in full measure, but also evident is his stature as a dramatist, his feeling for the drama, and his often (perhaps deliberately) concealed spiritual side. He would probably be the first to acknowledge that his abilities are overshadowed in this instance by the artistry and brilliance of a girl from Galway.

## Playguide

### FOR ADULTS:

*My Fair Lady; Mr. Wonderful; The Matchmaker; The Diary of Anne Frank; No Time for Sergeants; The Most Happy Fella; Saint Joan*  
(On Tour) *Witness for the Prosecution; Teahouse of the August Moon; The Boy Friend; The Chalk Garden; The Lark*

### PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE:

*New Faces of 1956; Damn Yankees*  
(On Tour) *Silk Stockings*



COMPLETELY

OBJECTIONABLE:

*Cat on a Hot Tin Roof; Middle of the Night; Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?; Fanny; A Hatful of Rain*

**Reviews in Brief**

**THE UNGUARDED MOMENT** is a psychological melodrama which neither jells nor jars, despite some convincing performances and competent direction. It is the story of a high school teacher, portrayed by Esther Williams, who is the victim of an assault by a mentally and emotionally disturbed boy in the school. She refuses to give his name to the police, even when threatened with suspension from the faculty as a moral risk. The boy's problem is charged off to his father's hatred of women, based on his wife's desertion many years before. The story, written by Lee Marcus and Rosalind Russell, is slickly contrived but never profound or convincing enough to dispel the feeling that sensationalism was the main purpose. Miss Williams does surprisingly well with her role, and George Nader, John Saxon, and the supporting company are likewise believable. While this adheres in general to the boundary lines of good taste, it isn't exactly refreshing entertainment. Nor is it the serious study such a situation demands. (Universal-International)

**THE BOSS** is timely, taut, and two-fisted in its realistic appraisal of unscrupulous politics in one large midwestern city. If there is a marked similarity to the Prendergast regime in Kansas City, it is perhaps intentional. John Payne, in an unsympathetic role, appears as a World War I vet who rises to political power through ruthless means and comes to the inevitable income-tax-evasion pitfall. While the picture has particular interest at this time, it does stand on its own merits as a hard-hitting indictment of the political racketeers and power-mad bosses. One of the minor characters in this adult-tone drama is easily recognizable, too, as a figure of later national importance. (United Artists)

Macdonald Carey journeyed to Africa for **ODONGO**, a familiar tale of jungle adventure, brightened mainly by interesting shots of wild life, ranging from crocodiles to a coy chimp who provides counterpoint laughs. Carey appears as a hunter who maintains an animal farm in Kenya, specializing in any creature demanded by the world's zoos and circuses. The climax comes when a discharged worker stampedes the animals in the corral. Carey is quite convincing, as always, but Rhonda Fleming is incongruous as a veterinarian who comes to work in the jungle. Mild fare. (Columbia)

**THE AMAZON TRADER** is a collection of four short, exciting tales all set along the banks of the fabulous South American river. Combining fiction with the travelogue technique, the 43-minute film manages to create an absorbing and exotic picture of Amazon existence. The four segments deal with intrusions by white men into the vast green world teeming with its own varieties of human and animal life. Mark this as a refreshingly different approach to jungle storytelling. (Warner Bros.)

**THE SHIP THAT DIED OF SHAME** is a forceful and fast-moving sea story, produced in Britain and based on Nicholas Montsarrat's *Saturday Evening Post* serial. It is a striking presentation of a novel approach to sea adventure. The ship in question is a motor gunboat of the type which served Britain so heroically in World War II. This is the story of her degradation as a smuggling boat in the postwar years, manned by the same crew which had carried her through

more honorable adventures. By combining the story of a ship's humiliation with the complex problems of its crew, Montsarrat has woven another of his virile, vigorous tales of the sea and the men who live by it. Richard Attenborough, George Baker, and Bill Owen are superb, with Virginia McKenna, Roland Culver, and Bernard Lee more than capable in their assignments. This is an interesting and memorable family show. (Rank-Continental)

The Indians and the white men are still at it in **PILLARS OF THE SKY**, a well-acted, adult Western in which such customary ingredients as romance, chicanery, and carnage are blended into a slick canvas. Jeff Chandler, as an Indian scout, the increasingly efficient Dorothy Malone, as a neurotic Army wife, Ward Bond, surprisingly acceptable as a missionary, and Kieth Andes, in the role of a cavalry officer, give strength to a routine script. This follows a grooved pattern but does offer some interesting moments. (Universal-International)

**LUST FOR LIFE** has a limited adult audience for its story of Van Gogh's tragic life. Filmed in Hollywood and France, with Kirk Douglas giving an adequate performance as the artist, the production lacks excitement, and often interest, as the trials and frustrations of Van Gogh are given an aural presentation. The main essentials of a motion picture are absent; in fact many of the incidents of the Irving Stone book on which this is based might well have been used to bolster a film that is pedestrian and often downright dull. (M-G-M)

*Bill Owen, member of a crew of smugglers in "The Ship That Died of Shame"*





Joan Fontaine and Dana Andrews share a taut moment in "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt"



Jesse White helps Jon Provost with his prayers in a scene from the tense melodrama, "Back From Eternity"

**THE BEAST OF HOLLOW MOUNTAIN** combines some familiar Western-movie tactics with a monster tale, and the result will satisfy only the rabid science-fiction fans. Guy Madison is starred as an American partner of a Mexican ranch owner. Legend has it that the only inhabitant of a nearby impenetrable swamp is a prehistoric monster. Legend proves correct in this case, but Yankee ingenuity and the Madison muscles dispatch the Hollywood-manufactured, prehistoric beast in due time. Only on occasion does an exciting moment shine through the hollowness. (United Artists)

**A CRY IN THE NIGHT** severs its own jugular vein quite early in the telling of a young girl's kidnapping by a sexual psychopath. The rest is quite painful, almost an ordeal, for the audience. Poorly written, acted indifferently, and directed in a confused style, it is a banal affair, often teetering on the edge of bad taste. Edmund O'Brien, Brian Donlevy, Natalie Wood, Irene Hervey, and Raymond Burr are more to be pitied than censured. (Warner Bros.)

**BEYOND A REASONABLE DOUBT** is the story of a man who almost gets away with murder. Though at times it seems that the story is going to trip over its own contrivances, good performances carry it through most of the melodramatic maze. Dana Andrews is cast as a writer engaged to the daughter of a wealthy publisher. The latter talks him into a plan expected to prove the fallacy of the circumstantial evidence theme which has provided the local district attorney with a number of convictions. Andrews is arrested and convicted of murder, but before the true facts can be revealed, the publisher dies. Suspense builds steadily from that point. Joan Fontaine, Sidney Blackmer, Shepperd Strudwick, and Andrews are convincing in this trick adult detective yarn. (RKO-Radio)

South America is also the locale for a smart-paced melodrama dealing with the experiences of plane crash survivors. **BACK FROM ETERNITY**, produced and directed by John Farrow, is a realistic study of the terrors, the thrills, the intergroup clashes, and the final resolution of their plight. The acting is uniformly good, with Robert Ryan and Rod Steiger contributing expert performances. Anita Ekberg, Phyllis Kirk, Beulah Bondi, Kieth Andes, and Gene Barry are also effective in this tense, provocative drama of danger. (RKO-Radio)

A colorful Moroccan setting and competent performances cannot provide satisfactory salvage for **PORT AFRIQUE**, an antique melodrama that never quite makes the grade. Pier Angeli and Phil Carey cannot compete with the backgrounds for audience interest, but even a few shots within the Casbah aren't sufficient compensation for long stretches of boredom. Hollywood did better than this on its own back lots twenty years ago. (Columbia)

**THE SILENT WORLD** is a fascinating visit to the shadowy realms of the underwater regions, now being penetrated by skin divers, subsea cameras, and treasure hunters intent on combing the floors of the Seven Seas. For this type of adventure, focusing on myriads of undersea creatures, this production is technically expert and at all times absorbing. It is first-rate family fare. (Columbia)

Walt Disney's True-Life cameras focus on the changing world of nature in **SECRETS OF LIFE**, a fabulous and fascinating excursion. From the vastness of the earth, the sky, and the sea, it ranges to the minuscule world of the ant, the life of the tide pools, and finally to the turbulence of volcanic actions. Like all in this series, this is a first-rate blend of photography, narration, and conception. (Buena Vista)





## "All Things Praise the Lord"

by KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.

WE all remember our school days and our study of poetry. Perhaps we thought that the poets, especially the nature poets, were a frantic lot. We were driven to study Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark," Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale," and we found them not completely understandable. We, no less than they, loved nature. Love of nature was understandable. But what we could not grasp was this cult of nature, this bowing down to the beauty of a bird in flight or song. It was not that we were cold to beauty. But we thought that the poets' "wild ecstasy" in the presence of larks, Grecian urns, and nightingales was a little overwrought. They were burning incense before the gods of nature, and this far we refused to go. We would go as far as love of nature, but not to making of it a graven image. We would not worship.

Chesterton once said, "The world is full of Christian truths run wild." In some of the nature poets we have the perversion of something very Christian. The love of nature which Shelley and Keats had is, in reality, both a love and truth run wild. Nature is a reflection, a symbol, a sign. What these poets worship is a reflection of God's beauty, the symbol of His majesty, the sign of His presence. They never went beyond the reflection of God to God Himself. They sank to their knees before the symbol of God, but God Himself they did not worship. They saw all the signs of His presence, but not God Himself. Though they perverted a truth, this perversion does not destroy the truth itself: nature is a reflection of God.

All through the Christian ages there has been a great love of nature. Take the mountain, for instance. In both the Jewish and Christian tradition the mountain has seemed to have something specifically religious about it. Some instinct in man has sensed that in the massiveness of the mountain there is a suggestion of the divine, that in the threat of its cliffs there is a declaration

of God's power, that in the thrust of its peak there is an invitation to prayer.

Mountains are often the place where man and God meet. God invites Moses to the top of Mount Sinai to receive the Ten Commandments: "The Lord said to Moses, 'Come up to me on the mountain and abide with me there.'" Jerusalem was called Mount Sion, and as the Jewish pilgrims marched toward the Holy City they used to sing, "I lift up my eyes to the mountains to find there my deliverance." From the side of a mountain near Capharnaum Our Lord delivered His famous Sermon on the Mount. When Our Lord wanted to pray, He climbed a mountain: "When he had dismissed the crowd, he went up the mountain by himself to pray." He was transfigured on a mountain, crucified on a mountain, and ascended into heaven from a mountain. When Saint Benedict founded his famous monastery he was on the very top of Monte Cassino. Saint Francis received the stigmata on Mount La Verna. The mountain has been the holy ground where the creature talked to his Creator, where the finite touched the Infinite.

There is a special reason why mountains speak to us of God. Way back in the Middle Ages the learned men used to say that anything God created bore the stamp of His divinity. They used a technical Latin term, *vestigia*, which is best translated "footprints." Whenever God created something, wherever God manifested His power, or His wisdom, or His beauty, He left His footprints. In the force of the mountain's presence, in the assertion of its strength, they saw the footprints of God.

Where God goes, He leaves His footprints. However, there is always something a little different about the traces of His presence in various things. In the last century a famous Jesuit poet, Gerard Manley Hopkins, was struck by the beauty peculiar to each creature. He said that each blade of grass, stone, tree, and mountain has its own unique kind

of beauty. In each mountain there is a beauty which is different from the beauty of any other mountain. Each creature has a grandeur which is not found in any other creature. Each creature has a beauty which happens only once, which is unrepeatable, irreplaceable. God touches each creature in a different way. The touch of God has left on every creature a unique imprint of His beauty, power, tenderness.

All of this has importance for our prayer life. There is in man a certain impotence, an inadequacy. Praise God he must. But to praise God as he ought, he cannot. In the days before Christ, King David was faced with the poverty of his praise. He wanted to praise God, but David could not praise Him as he deserved. Since creatures come from God and carry in them the footprints of His beauty, each in its unique way, David made up for what was wanting in his own praise by calling on all creatures to praise God. In Psalm 148 David prayed: "Give praise to the Lord in heaven; praise him, all that dwells on high. Praise him, sun and moon; praise him, every star that shines. Give praise to the Lord on earth, monsters of the sea and all its depths; fire and hail, snow and mist, and the storm-wind that executes his decree; all you mountains and hills, all you fruit trees and cedars; all you wild beasts and cattle, creeping things and birds that fly in air; all you kings and peoples of the world, all you that are princes and judges on earth; young men and maids, old men and boys together; let them all give praise to the Lord's name."

The attitude we take toward the mountains, trees, birds, snow has been summed up by Pascal: "Nature has some perfections to show that it is the reflection of God, and some imperfections to show that it is only God's reflection." We do not worship the beauty of nature as did the nature poets. We enjoy the beauty of nature and use it, like David, to praise and worship God.



# Radio and Television

by JOHN LESTER



Sid Caesar with his latest "TV wife," Janet Blair. Can she match Fabray and Coca?

EVER SINCE DUMONT abandoned its network operation to concentrate on programming its owned-and-operated stations about a year ago, there have been only three TV webs, ABC, CBS, and NBC.

The objective-minded within the industry recognized this as an unhealthy situation and secretly hoped some person or group would organize a fourth network for the sake of the competitive values involved, if for no other reason.

There were quite a few attempts to do this, too, but most got no farther than preliminary estimates of the staggering costs of organizing and then operating a fourth network until such time as it would begin to show a profit. Dumont, itself, supplied the outstanding example of the tremendous amounts of money that can be poured down the drain of network operation at the minimum level while still playing a losing game. In fact, in terms of money spent by the rich and powerful NBC and CBS since TV's commercial introduction—ABC moved into contention fairly recently—Dumont's expenditures were considered of the "shoe-string" variety even though they represented millions.

Worst of all, the prospect of inevitable collapse offered little hope of salvaging very much, if anything.

## Programing Needed

But the urgent need of TV stations throughout the country for another source of quality programs remained as group after group decided to chance a fourth network and then blanched and ran at the sight of the mountain of money necessary to get one started.

Then, about five months ago, the NTA Film Network, a subsidiary of National Telefilm Associates, Inc., with home offices in New York, announced plans for the establishment of the long-awaited fourth network—an idea born in the mind of NTA president Ely Landau about two years before that. The news was carried in the trade press as a matter of course, but a "wait-and-see" attitude was adopted by the industry at large because of skepticism that had grown out of past failures.

However, NTA apparently had the situation figured from the first and though it progressed slowly, it now has 102 affiliates covering 82 per cent of this country's TV homes.

## All Films to Begin

First-run feature films, constituting about ninety minutes of programming per week, are now being furnished by NTA but this will be doubled shortly after January 1. Also, production has begun on ten half-hour programs a week to be supplied to affiliates before the 1957-58 season gets underway. The following season—1958-59—it's expected NTA will be on the air with twelve to fifteen hours of programming each week and this will be supplemented by "live" coverage of various special events and outstanding sports features.

So far, the secret of the new network's success seems to lie in its exclusive film policy plus the fact that it will operate on a non-interconnected basis. It will be possible, by means of the first, to televise a film many times without repetition in any TV community or area, thus guaranteeing important residual returns that will not only pay initial costs but, eventually, show a profit. The second will eliminate costs involved in linking affiliated stations by coaxial cable, a tremendous item in the operation of standard networks.

Industry leaders also feel the NTA

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Film Network will have a decided effect on pay-as-you-see TV, although further study must be undertaken before the degree can be determined.

### U. S. Has Big Lead

The latest tally shows there are some 52,000,000 TV sets in operation throughout the world, with about 80 per cent, or 41,500,000, of these in the United States!

Great Britain is second with about 6,100,000 sets operating; Canada third, with about 2,250,000; Russia fourth, with about 1,000,000; then West Germany, with about 500,000; Italy, 300,000; Japan, 250,000; France and Mexico, 200,000 each, and Venezuela, 85,000.

The U. S. also leads in the number of stations in operation, with 478, and Canada, West Germany, and Russia follow in that order, with 35, 31, and 25. Source of these figures is the *Television Factbook*.

### Caesar's "Wife"

A pert and perky little red-head, Janet Blair, is definitely on the spot since taking over the assignment as Sid Caesar's "TV wife" on the comic's new Saturday

night hour, 9 to 10 P.M., NYT, on NBC-TV.

This is the result of her succeeding Nanette Fabray, one of the most talented women in show business, and the difference between the two has been marked so far. Janet has come out second best, which was more or less expected since the memory of Nanette's interpretation of "Mrs. Bob Victor" is still fresh in viewers' minds. But I recall that she suffered by comparison with the elfin Imogene Coca during the first weeks of her succession several seasons ago.

Eventually, though, Miss Fabray found her way and even added new dimensions to the role of "Caesar's wife" and firmly established herself with new millions.

In Miss Blair's case, it's possible—even probable at this point—that not even time will make any difference and indications are Sid and his production staff realize this and are planning for the future accordingly.

At any rate, word out of the Caesar production office is that there will be no concentration on the role of Sid's "TV wife" this season. Instead, feminine participation in the series will be divided between Miss Blair, Shirl Conway, and

Pat Carroll, the "TV wives" of Carl Reiner and Howie Morris, respectively.

Both Miss Conway and Miss Carroll are expert and experienced comediennes and, should any competition develop between the three girls, Miss Blair will be pressed to maintain her No. One "position" on the show.

It should be pointed out, though, and I do so with pleasure, that this assignment for Miss Blair marks a turning point in her twenty-year career in show business, during which she has been in the theater, night clubs, vaudeville, radio, TV, and motion pictures. Talented as she is, Hollywood considered her "washed up" about eight years ago and refused to hire her for more pictures. Not to be discouraged or so easily cast aside, Janet, born Martha Janet Lafferty in Altoona, Pa., began a "comeback" in night clubs and vaudeville with the dancing Blackburn Twins and later starred as "Nellie Forbush" in the road company of *South Pacific*.

Her contract with Sid Caesar, which reportedly pays her \$2500 a week, climaxed the "comeback" attempt, and successfully, for the brown-eyed, five-foot-four-inch, 115-pound strawberry-haired actress.

I wish her continued success.

### In Brief

Dr. Allen B. DuMont predicts an annual sale of about 9,000,000 TV sets beginning in 1957. About 4,000,000 of these will be replacement sets each year. . . . *Famous Sheriffs and Famous Outlaws* is another new "adult" Western now in production. . . . Steve Allen has been asked to adapt *The Exurbanites* for Broadway, from the A. C. Spectorsky best-seller of that name. . . . The *Casey Jones* tele-series will deal with railroad-ing of the 1890's and early 1900's. . . . Get George Gobel, who claims he'd rather make pictures for RKO than do TV shows for NBC because doughnuts and coffee are ten cents in the film company's commissary, while they cost fifteen cents in the network's cafeteria. . . . Columbia U. is offering 28 courses in radio and TV this year and other colleges and universities are planning to follow suit as soon as possible due to the tremendous interest in all phases of broadcasting among young people. . . .

Ed ("Archie") Gardner, of *Duffy's Tavern* fame, has rejoined the J. Walter Thompson ad agency where he got his start many years ago. . . . Sir Laurence Olivier endorsed a brand of cigarettes for British commercial TV recently and certain members of the press over there have been referring to him as "Old Smoky" and "Sir Cork Tip" ever since!



HERE'S JEANNIE—Jeannie Carson is an immigrant girl befriended by cabbie Allen Jenkins in "Hey, Jeannie!"



KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHT—William Russell stars in "The Adventures of Sir Lancelot," British-made TV series

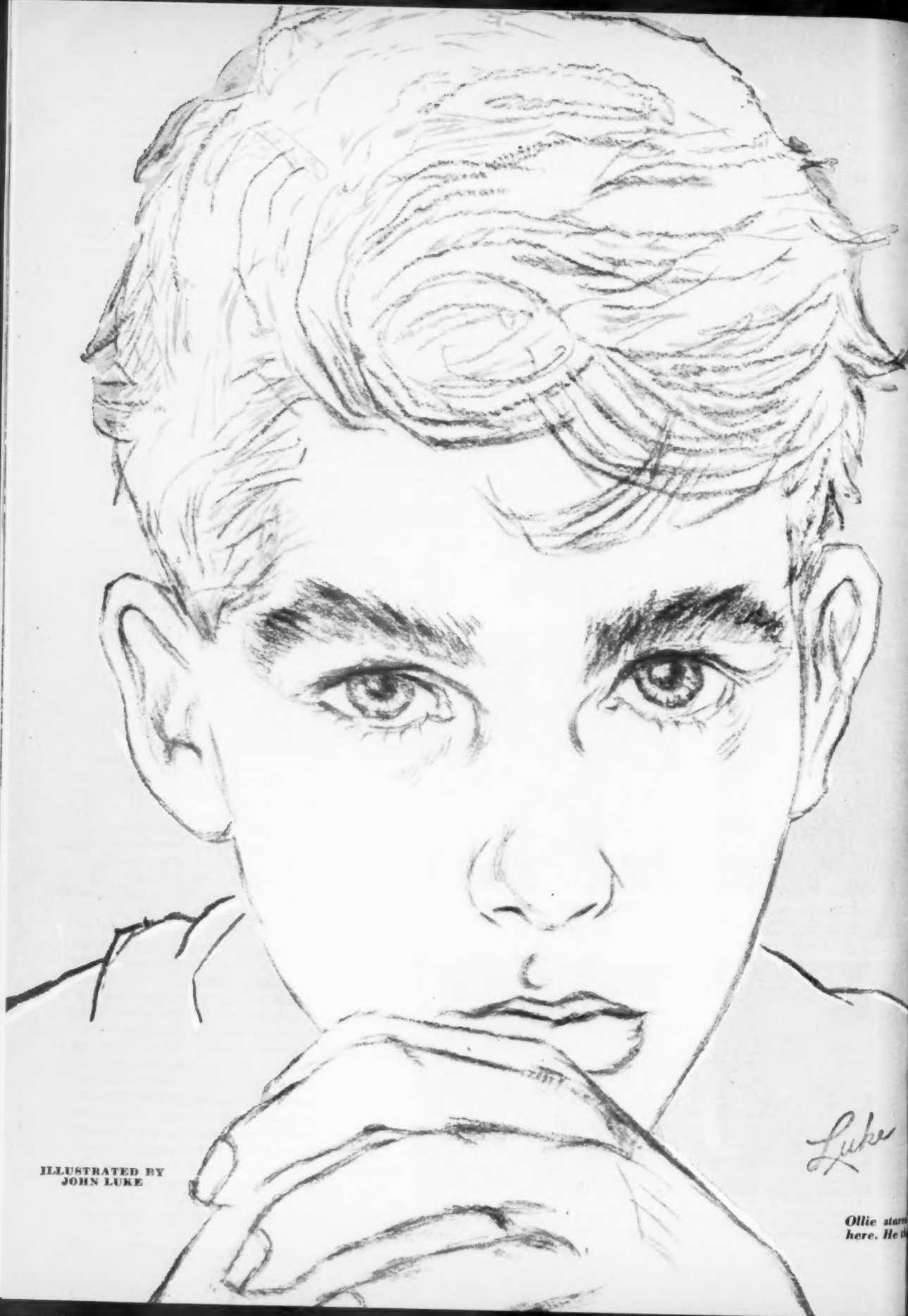


MICKEY & FRIEND—Mickey Braddock is an orphan adopted by a circus troupe in "Circus Boy," telefilm series



NEWS TEAM—Mercedes McCambridge and Dane Clark in "Wire Service," filmed series about newsmen covering world events





ILLUSTRATED BY  
JOHN LUKE

Ollie stands now,  
here. He is that I



# The Faces on the Haystacks

The man went heavily out the kitchen door, and a blast of cold air pushed in before he closed it. The woman paused in her work at the stove and silently watched him go. She glanced at the boy sitting by the window.

"He wishes I wasn't here, don't he?" the boy asked.

The woman crossed the room, patted his shoulder lightly.

"Don't you think that, Ollie," she said. "Your Uncle Jared works hard, and he ain't as young as he used to be. He misses you helpin' with the chores, that's all."

The boy shifted his leg on the footstool.

"Maybe if I'd a' busted this leg fallin' out of the barn loft he wouldn't mind it so much," he said. "He can't git over that I done it sled-ridin'."

"He don't remember," the woman said. "He's forgot that boys have to have fun. If we had had a boy of our own, he'd remember."

The boy's thin face showed little expression. Without seeming to do so, he watched the woman. He'd never thought his Aunt Mary was pretty, but she was, sort of.

"How come you know how it is?" he asked.

"I had a boy," she said.

The boy's eyes widened, and the woman smiled. It was the smile that made her pretty, he thought.

"I didn't, truly," she admitted. "But up here, in my mind I had one, because I wanted one so bad, and none ever came. And I watched him grow, and fall down the steps, and git scratched by the cat, and ride the goat. He learned to plow and shoot his daddy's gun. He sled-rode, too. He

by  
STEPHEN TALL

What can a boy do  
when he knows he's  
no longer wanted?

e stand ndow. "He wishes I wasn't  
e. He d that I ain't wuth my keep"



didn't break a leg, but he could have, but for luck. He'd be a man today, my boy, with a house over there on Hemlock Hill, and a wife and kids of his own, I don't doubt."

She pumped water into the sink, warmed it with hot from the kettle on the stove. The boy's eyes followed her. "So you see," she said, "I know how it is."

Ollie stared out the window into the dusk. The old barn was shadowy, and he could barely see his uncle driving the sheep into the little corral with the shed that served as a fold. In the three feed lots three great haystacks stood tall, the first already deeply chewed into by the cattle. The boy's thoughts were as gloomy as the scene.

"Doctors cost money, Aunt Mary," he said.

She studied him silently for a moment.

"Don't you worry, Ollie," she said. "Your Uncle Jared is proud to pay his just debts."

"Five dollars!" mused Ollie. "Five dollars just to splint up my leg. Doc Hankins'll have to charge again, won't he, when he takes the splints off?"

"Your Uncle Jared'll pay him, Ollie."

"He thinks already that I ain't wuth my keep," the boy said. His nostrils were pinched, his lips thin with the knowledge of being unwanted. "I know he never thought to lay out no money extra on me."

The woman shifted the big iron skillet with its thick slices of fragrant frying ham to the back of the stove. Then she came quietly over and stood beside the boy.

"Ollie," she said, "I ain't proud of you."

The boy's thin fingers clinched into a bony fist.

"You got no call to be," he muttered, but he avoided her look.

"You know what I mean," she said. "You're feeling mighty sorry for yourself right now. You know your Uncle Jared took you in because he needed help. That wasn't no secret. But that's not why I was glad we could have you."

Ollie stared at his propped up leg, bulky in its splints, an old soft slipper belonging to his aunt on the swollen foot. He slowly raised his eyes. Mary Bean's round face was plain, and there was a large, brown mole on her lower lip that gave her mouth a drawn look. But her brown eyes were soft and kind.

"Why?" Ollie asked.

"It don't matter," she said, and she tried to make her tone less friendly. "I hate to see you not tryin' to be what your Uncle Jared expected."

"I can't do nothin'," said Ollie resentfully. "Not with a broke leg I can't."

"He knows that," said Mary Bean. "What I mean is, you could let him know you're goin' to pay him back. Not tell him. I don't mean that. You could show him."

"With a broke leg?" Ollie asked. He tried to wiggle the toes of the injured foot, and the leg throbbed sulkily.

"With a broke leg," the woman said.

She went back to the stove. She piled the sizzling ham onto a platter and set it in the warmer. She dropped white slices of potato into the ham grease in the skillet, clapped a lid on it, and moved it to the front of the stove again. The frying potatoes made a pleasant, muffled roar.

Jared Bean came back into the kitchen, and the blast of cold air came with him. He hung his heavy coat on a peg near the stove, his fur cap on another. He held his thick hands over the warmth of the stove. His bearded face had no expression, and he said no word.

Mary took the lamp from the shelf, raised the chimney, and lit it with a splint from the stove. The yellow light softened the rough, warm kitchen. Mary set plates on the oilcloth-covered table.

"Jared," she said, as she dished up food, "Ollie was sayin' that if he could have that little mill from the grain bin brought here in the kitchen, he could grind chicken feed while his leg is propped up. Said it seemed a waste of your time for you to have to do it."

Jared settled himself heavily into his chair at the end of the table. He looked keenly at the boy, and Ollie dropped his eyes, for he knew that he had said nothing of the kind.

"It'd be a help," said Jared finally, and he bowed his head to say the grace.

The narrow bed in the little shed-room off the kitchen was cold. There was no way to heat the room. Ollie's thin body shivered for a while after he went to bed, but Mary Bean had piled the bed high with quilts, and finally he was warm. He lay there in the dark and tried to think out what his aunt had been trying to say to him. His leg ached. He was twelve and heedless, as boys are apt to be.

He was homesick, too, with a special, hopeless kind of homesickness, for he had no home to go back to, now that his father was dead. He had been bound straight for the orphans' home when his Uncle Jared had said that they could take him for a year. Since Jared Bean was his own blood kin, nobody had made any objection.

Ollie lay trying to think, but his eyes were heavy as he grew warm. His Uncle Jared didn't think well of him, he knew that. Uncle Jared had no time for anything that cost money or didn't earn its keep. Now he was costing

money, and he wasn't earning the food he ate. So he knew his Uncle Jared had no time for him. Not that the man ever said so. Uncle Jared hardly ever said anything.

He said nothing much when he came in from the milking the next morning. But he brought the little feed mill and a saw horse to clamp it on.

"Here's the mill, boy," he said. "Your Aunt Mary will show you how to set it."

So the boy sat by the window and ran the little mill. He fed in corn and barley and cull wheat as he had been shown and turned the crank until his arm was weary. Between times, while he rested, he stared out the window. He never in his life had had to sit still so long in one place. He never had had to look at the same things over and over again, without any change.

But now that his hands were busy, he found his resentment growing less. There wasn't much to see from the window, but he found himself watching for changes, just the same. Much of the time his Uncle Jared was in sight, coming and going or working with the stock. Uncle Jared kept the paths shoveled, and much of that Ollie could see. The wood pile was out of sight around the corner, but Ollie could hear the sound of the axe as his Uncle Jared split stove wood.

Ollie knew all the stock by name, because he had had to help feed them. He cared nothing for them, but he watched them because they were alive and moved. He could only see the side of the barn. Most of the time the animals stayed under shelter, for the weather was bleak, but now and then one would come into view. The cattle were allowed the freedom of one haystack, and they drifted out to it, pulled at the hay, and went back to the barn when they tired of eating.

Mary Bean said little to the boy. She let him be, even though she spent much of her time in the kitchen. It was roomy, the stove kept it warm, so here she churned, set her bread to rise, mended, or sat to read the weekly newspaper. But she watched Ollie. She saw ease come back to him, saw his face relax, and saw the ground mixed grain pile into the sacks with a pleasing speed. She knew his Uncle Jared would like that.

Ollie began to pay especial attention to the haystacks because of the way the bull acted. The big, brown animal, with heavy horns sloped back above staring eyes, always approached the stack gingerly, as though he was afraid of it. Often he remained just long enough to snatch a mouthful of hay, then shied away. Ollie couldn't see for the life of him why the bull acted that way.

The white cow was different. Ollie could see she wasn't afraid, but she never



pulled hay where the other cattle worked. She always reached up, stretching her neck as high as it would go. She went to a lot of trouble, straining at wisps out of her reach when there was plenty in front of her silly face.

And there was the little blaze-faced yearling. He had his likes, too. He always came back to the same spot to eat, and before long he had tunneled straight into the haystack, and all Ollie could see was his wagging backside and flicking tail as he ate.

The other cattle fed each in its own way, all fourteen of them, and the lower part of the stack was carved in all sorts of strange patterns. By dusk, when only the black outlines of the stacks showed, Ollie began to see that they made curious shapes against the darkening skyline. He let his imagination go, and Mary Bean wondered as he sat and chuckled, gazing out the window into the falling night.

In three days the boy had ground several large sacks of feed. Jared Bean's bearded face showed nothing, but finally he said: "That'll be enough, boy. You've ground enough to take us through March, and that's as far ahead as I like to be on ground stuff. Grain loses its stren'th."

Ollie watched the man tie the sack and swing it to his shoulder there in the kitchen. And when he had turned away Ollie plucked up his courage and spoke to his Uncle Jared's back.

"Did I do it all right, Uncle Jared?" His voice was small, and it quavered.

His Uncle Jared paused at the door. He looked from under heavy brows with expressionless blue eyes, and Ollie shrank in his chair.

"It'll do," his Uncle Jared said, and he turned and went out the door. Ollie watched him from the window as he toted the heavy sack around the barn and out of sight.

For an hour Ollie sat and looked out the window. His hands were idle, and after three days it seemed strange. He gently wiggled the toes of the injured leg. The familiar throb of pain responded. The bone was still in the first stages of knitting, and Ollie knew that the foot under the old felt slipper and heavy wool sock was swollen and streaked with angry purple.

Around the haystacks there was busy life. The sun had broken through the snow clouds. The early morning rays, level and pale, touched the fences, the barn, and yellowed the sides of the stacks. His Aunt Mary had opened her chicken houses, and the fowls swarmed about the feet of the cattle at the stacks.

The horses were at the second stack; the draft team, the buggy pair, and his Uncle Jared's small-footed saddle mare.

They respected each other and picked daintily from the stack, although occasionally there was a flattening of ears and a showing of teeth as a horse accidentally crowded a neighbor.

A flock of crows pushed its way insolently among the chickens. They gleaned after the grain-fed horses, they ate weed seeds from the stacks, and occasionally one would pounce wickedly on a scurrying mouse, hammer it briefly, and swallow it. The watcher, the flock sentry, sat on the top of the pole of the

third stack, above the thatch. It always sat there, but whether or not it was always the same bird Ollie could not tell.

The sentry cawed his alarm, the crows swarmed up in a dusky cloud. Jared Bean came out of the barn carrying an armful of harnesses. Minutes later he stamped into the kitchen.

"If you can grind feed, I figger you can oil harness," he said to Ollie. "It's settin' work. Your Aunt Mary'll show you."



*His leg ached. He was homesick, too, with a hopeless kind of homesickness*



He piled the tangle of buckles and straps by Ollie's chair. Then he stood there, without a word more, and Ollie could hear the heavy rasp of his breathing. The boy dared not look up.

"Your Aunt Mary'll put down a canvas, so you don't mess up her floor," said his Uncle Jared, finally. Ollie watched him as he went out the door, back to his everlasting chores.

A little resentfully, Ollie began his new work. The harness straps were cold and stiff. The harness oil had an unpleasant, sickening smell. But after a bit his fingers moved more surely, the oil felt good on his hands, and the straps grew pliable and shiny. He began to watch out the window again.

His Aunt Mary came and went in the kitchen, and Ollie knew she was keeping an eye on him. Finally, along in the afternoon, when he caught her watching him, he said:

"Aunt Mary, supposin' I had broke both my arms, 'stid of my leg like I done, what you figger Uncle Jared could 'a thought up for me to do?"

She looked at him quietly for a moment, then turned her eyes back to the mending in her lap.

"Don't be blaming your Uncle Jared, Ollie," she said. "It was me got you into this, you recollect. He wouldn't have given you anything to do if he hadn't thought you offered."

Ollie considered that.

"I didn't say nothin' about oilin' harness," he said finally.

"Your Uncle Jared didn't figger you had to," his Aunt Mary said gently. "He thinks you were just offerin' to help, never mind what needs doin'."

The boy thrust out his lip, but he said no more. A few minutes later he was grinning as he watched out the window. Boylike, his mind was now busy with what he saw there.

"You know, Aunt Mary, I done found out why the bull shies off from the haystack and won't stand and take his feed." The grin broke out into a chortle. "You know, that fool thing is skeered of mice!"

The woman came over to the window to see, and after a few minutes she said:

"You had to watch pretty sharp to see that. I guess you got more comp'ny than I thought you had."

Ollie warned to her friendliness, and anyway, his fingers were weary of the harness.

"I been seein' a lot," he said eagerly. "See them crows? They got a man on top of the fur stack that tells them when to fly. When Uncle Jared comes out in the morn' they leave in a hurry, but by noon they don't hardly pay him no mind. And they jest plain laugh at the dog."

"What doesn't?" said his Aunt Mary. "If thieves knew what a pore watchdog we've got they'd rob us blind. Only time that critter barks is when he wants to eat. If anybody strange comes around the place he hides under the porch and keeps quiet. But," she added, "your Uncle Jared likes him."

"Yes'm." Ollie absently kneaded a harness leather as he studied the scene outside. His mind was not on the dog.

"Aunt Mary," he said suddenly, "if you look at the edge of the high haystack, it looks like a face. See if it don't to you."

She looked, and after a moment a smile tugged down the mole on her lip.

"I declare, it does," she said. "The nose is hooked over where that bundle of stems sticks out, and its mouth is dropped wide open. Looks like we ought to hear a yell."

"Seems to me I almost can, when things is quiet," Ollie said. "That's why I been callin' him the Hog Caller, to myself. That hole in his mouth is where the white-faced yearling eats into the stack. Sometimes he goes all the way in."

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• No man's opinion is entirely worthless. Even a watch that won't run is right twice a day.—*Kable-gram*

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Because he was interested in sharing what he saw, he couldn't see the motherly, the almost yearning look the woman bent upon him.

"That's a good idea, makin' up things like that," she said. "Just you go on watchin', Ollie. It'll help to pass the time."

She went back to the table, sat down with her mending again. But after a moment she spoke once more:

"I wouldn't say nothin' to your Uncle Jared about seein' a face on the haystack if I was you. He might not think it made much sense."

"Yes'm." Ollie knew what she meant. He couldn't imagine his Uncle Jared seeing anything that wasn't there. And he thought it might be just as well not to tell his Aunt Mary that he could see more faces than one on the shifting sides of the stacks. Nor that the faces changed as the cattle and horses ate, so that sometimes they smiled and sometimes they frowned. Only the Hog Caller, with his deep open mouth, kept the same expression.

The thought of Uncle Jared set his hands busy again, and by dusk the two sets of harnesses were sparkling. But he paused to watch his Uncle Jared at the evening chores, the dog tagging at his heels, while the shadows lengthened.

By the end of one more day Ollie had all the strap harnesses in good shape, and he had cleaned and oiled every collar on the place. It hadn't been hard, he had learned things he never knew before, and when the job was over he felt good about it. But his Uncle Jared never said a word. He did look hard at Ollie, though, when the boy said:

"I could do somethin' else, Uncle Jared, if it was somethin' you could fetch in here."

But he almost wished he hadn't said it when his Uncle Jared brought in the nail boxes.

"You can sort 'em out," his Uncle Jared said. "Your Aunt Mary'll show you."

His Uncle Jared never wasted. In the keg were not only mixed good nails, but pulled nails Uncle Jared had thought good enough to use again. Some were bent, most were rusty. His Uncle Jared hadn't had time for sorting nails for a long spell.

So Ollie sat and watched out the window, and his fingers sorted nails. His fingertips were soft from the harness oil, and before long he found that he could tell where a nail belonged just by the feel of it.

The kitchen window faced away from any sight of the country road, but Ollie could always tell when somebody went along it. If it was a man, his Uncle Jared raised a mittened hand. If there was a lady in the sleigh as well, Uncle Jared touched the hand to his fur cap. And either way, the dog always scurried under the back porch until the strangers had passed.

So on the morning after he started on the nails, when the sheriff came, Ollie ought to have known he was coming. He might have, too, but his mind was busy with a problem about then. Things didn't seem right around the haystacks.

For an hour he had puzzled about it. Again and again he had stared at the barn and the haystacks and the shifting flock of crows in the bare trees at the far edge of the feedlots; stared at the cattle milling idly around their stack, and at the occasional horse picking at the stack beyond.

The boy's eyes widened suddenly as a thought struck him. Those crows, now. There wasn't a reason why they shouldn't be at the stacks. Nobody was in sight. But the watcher was not on his pole, and the disturbed caws of the flock came faintly through the window.

The cattle were milling more than usual, too. The little white-faced yearling went round and round the stack, and Ollie watched for him to dive into the hole he had made, making it seem that the Hog Caller had swallowed him



up. Then the boy saw that the Hog Caller had changed. He looked different. His mouth was closed!

Right then was when the two men rode up a-horseback to the barn. His Uncle Jared was out of sight, and there had been no warning squeak of sleigh runners. The horses' hoofbeats were muffled by the snow.

His Uncle Jared brought the men into the kitchen. They wore heavy boots, stout coats, and fur caps and could have been any pair of farmers from the country about. But each man carried a shotgun, and when the sheriff opened up his coat Ollie could see the gleam of a revolver under it.

His Aunt Mary pulled the coffee pot to the front of the stove. Each man was soon sipping a steaming cup, while the sheriff talked.

"It was clever, Jared, a plumb clever thing," the sheriff said. "The feller just stood there at the teller's window, brash as you please, talkin' and lettin' on to be doin' business, and all the time he was tellin' Jimmy Watkins how to package the money. Jim said you couldn't hardly see the little gun he was hidin' under the edge of his coat, but that it was lookin' right at his middle vest button. Jim's no man to take chances, you may know, so he packaged money and kept quiet."

"How much?" Uncle Jared asked.

"Five thousand dollars," the sheriff said. "Feller took it, tipped his hat to Mis' Hathaway as he went out of the bank, got on his horse, and rode out of town. Nobody said 'Boo!' to him."

Ollie sat in his chair by the window, and no one heeded him. Excitement almost choked him. The bank was the one where his Uncle Jared had his savings.

"We tracked him to Ed Cooper's place and lost him," the sheriff went on. "Found his horse in with Ed's stock and his saddle in the river. He's a slick one, all right. Joe here figgers he's walkin' across country to the railroad. But we can't pick up no tracks."

"I'll saddle up and help you look around here," his Uncle Jared offered. "Nobody knows my place, or Cooper's either, better'n I do."

"T won't be needful," the sheriff said. "We're tellin' menfolks to stay home and look after their own. Feller that's been hidin' all night's bound to be feelin' it by now. He'll come out somewhere."

Ollie wriggled in his chair until his sore leg began to ache in warning. He knew boys were to be seen and not heard, and he knew that nobody thought so more than his Uncle Jared. But he had to say something. He glanced at his Aunt Mary. She was listening to the sheriff, her face turned away from

him, and so she couldn't give him the little smile that would help him to speak up. He gulped, and turned back to the window.

The crows were still in the trees, and the dog was nowhere to be seen. And there was no doubt about the Hog Caller's mouth. It had been smoothly stopped up with hay.

The sheriff and his deputy were at the door, buttoning their coats. Ollie heard his own voice suddenly calling



*He couldn't see the motherly look the woman bent upon him*

thinly: "Uncle Jared! Sheriff! Wait a minute!"

His Uncle Jared's cold blue eyes bored at him.

"What's the matter, boy?"

Ollie was frightened, now, at his own boldness, but he had to go on.

"That man that robbed the bank," he gasped. "I know where he's at."

The men looked at him. Then the sheriff laughed.

"Well, if you do, son, you've got money in your pocket," he said. "There's a reward for him."

Ollie appealed to his Aunt Mary.

"I do know," he insisted, and his voice grew stronger. "He's in the haystack, in the Hog Caller's mouth. He's pulled down hay and plugged it up. And the crows won't come in."

And when his Aunt Mary had finished explaining, the men went to see for themselves, and Ollie watched from the window. There wasn't any trouble.

The man was smart, like the sheriff said, and he knew when he was caught. So he pushed out the plug of hay at the sheriff's call and crawled out, covered with hay, and mighty cold and hungry. They brought him into the kitchen and gave him some hot coffee and some bread and ham before they took him back to town.

When they had gone his Uncle Jared went out and looked all around the stacks. Then he went outside the feed lots and circled around, trying to find the man's tracks coming in. It took him a while before he guessed that the fellow must have walked on the top rail of the fence from the far edge of the stock lot. Ollie watched from the window. And while he watched the dog came out from under the porch and went trailing off after his Uncle Jared. The boy figgered the dog would get a thrashing, for if it had been doing its job, nobody could have come on the place like that.

But his Uncle Jared just glanced back at the house, like to see if anybody was looking, then gave the dog a quick pat on the head. Somehow, it made Ollie feel easy all over.

Like dogs, boys can sense things. And while his Aunt Mary was putting supper on the table, Ollie watched his Uncle Jared. The man was holding the weekly paper in the light of the lamp, but Ollie didn't think he was reading it. He just sat there and said nothing, but he seemed sort of proud. Ollie wished he would say something.

"Sheriff thinks Ollie is somebody," his Aunt Mary said, just as though Ollie wasn't there at all.

His Uncle Jared's bearded face seemed to struggle, and finally he said, "The boy's no fool."

His Aunt Mary dished up the canned green beans from the pot.

"He'll make a good scholar at Sycamore," she said, "when he can get about on two legs again."

His Uncle Jared took out his great blue bandanna and blew his nose. He didn't even look at Ollie.

"We figgered to have a boy there a good while ago," he said. "Better late than never."

Ollie knew his Aunt Mary's round face was as pretty as any woman's he had ever seen, and he didn't even notice the mole on her lip. She smiled in his direction, and she said:

"Likely he'll bust his other leg, and maybe his neck, sled-ridin', or somethin' else foolish."

His Uncle Jared squared his chair around to the table and got ready to say the grace.

"Boys have to have fun," said his Uncle Jared.



A SIGN PICTURE STORY

Photographs by Jacques Lowe

## Mayoress of San Juan



*Doña Felisa at her desk in San Juan city hall*

The most popular figure in San Juan, Puerto Rico, these days is a handsome, large-framed, feminine ball of fire named Doña Felisa Rincón de Gautier, who looks after her city much like a benevolent matriarch runs her family. To find out what endears her to San Juan, THE SIGN sent a photographer to follow Doña Felisa through one of her grueling eighteen-hour days.







*Touring slums damaged by recent heavy rains, Doña Felisa surveys needs of people with practiced eye*



*Residents of area, called "El Fanguito" (little mudhole), gather around Doña Felisa to explain their troubles and tell their needs*



*Interrupting tour of slums for stop at city hall, Doña Felisa pauses to hear out older citizen's political request. One of the secrets of the mayoress' great popularity with people of San Juan is her approachability*



## MAYORESS OF SAN JUAN continued

Dona Felisa is a shrewd politician, but first she is a woman who loves people and believes in their better instincts

When visitors stumble over the formal "alcaldesa" ("Your honor"), Doña Felisa quickly restores their composure by insisting, "Just call me Felisa." But it is not her approachability alone that has made San Juan's mayoress one of the most popular political figures in the island commonwealth. Doña Felisa also gets things done. An ardent campaigner against dirt, she has succeeded in making San Juan one of the world's cleanest cities. She has fought for low-cost housing for San Juan's poor families, led in the island's "Operation Bootstrap" campaign to attract industries and raise the standard of living, and visited New York to bring encouragement and help to its Puerto Rican community. Nor do small things escape her attention. One of her pet hates is improper dress for women, and she has been known to stop her car in the middle of traffic to wag an angry finger at a woman dressed in slacks, saying: "Go home and put on a dress. You look terrible." Doña Felisa is first and last a woman who entered politics because she believes in her people and really loves them. Nevertheless, her proudest boast is not her political accomplishments, but a personal tribute she never tires of repeating: "My husband says I'm the best cook in all of Puerto Rico."



*Doña Felisa writes brief notes for her aides. These bring quick help to poor families*



*First and last a woman, Doña Felisa rarely neglects the small human touches like sitting down with a family for a friendly chat*

*At home, Doña Felisa and her husband, Puerto Rico's attorney general, entertain guests at lunch*








*God wills that His mercy, rather than His justice, shine from Calvary*

# The Cross and human hope

by Bertrand Weaver, C.P.

One of the most striking facts about Calvary is that no word of rebuke falls from the lips of the Crucified Christ. He has often rebuked men for their irreligion, injustice, and hypocrisy during His public ministry. But there is not even a hint of condemnation now that He hangs from the Cross. We see on Calvary none of that Divine anger which caused Him to drive the money changers from the Temple. We hear none of those dreaded judgments in which He had told men to their faces that they were full of robbery and wickedness. We hear from the Cross no references to whitened sepulchers and broods of vipers.

This absence of denunciation on Calvary is all the more striking because there are so many manifestations of wickedness that appear to deserve immediate retribution. There is the greed of the soldiers who are throwing dice for His garments. There is the blasphemy of the second thief. There is the relentless hatred of the chief priests. There is the stark injustice of His crucifixion. There is the enormous crime of deicide.





If those standing about the Cross are waiting for thunderous words of rebuke for the awful vices that are manifesting themselves, they are waiting in vain. This day is to become known forever as *Good Friday* because God's goodness and mercy stand out in the sharpest relief from the Cross of the Divine Redeemer. Judgment will surely come later, but God wills that His mercy, rather than His justice, shine from Calvary's height.

St. John was to write in his Gospel that "God did not send His Son into the world in order to judge the world, but that the world might be saved through Him." He wrote this in commenting on Christ's words to Nicodemus: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that those who believe in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting."

The Son of Man is now lifted up, and He is making it clear that He is using the Cross not as a judgment-seat, but as a mercy-seat. Instead of thunderbolts of Divine wrath, there are the most moving offers of Divine forgiveness. And so, the very first word that the Saviour utters from the Cross is not one of condemnation or reproach but that prayer of forgiveness which never fails to stir us after ten thousand hearings. Out over the harsh jeering and blaspheming of His enemies floats, like a strain of masterful music, the most touching words that the world has ever heard: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Calvary signifies the dawn of hope for an otherwise doomed race. This is why our Redeemer will utter no word of reproach from the Cross. He wills that an atmosphere of hope pervade Calvary. He wants to make it clear that the Cross is the fulfillment of the words of the Prophet Jeremiah: "This is the covenant that I will make with the House of Israel after those days, says the Lord: I will put My law within them and I will write it in their hearts, and I will be their God and they will be My people, for I will forgive their iniquity and I will remember their sin no more."

Because of the Cross, Christianity is a religion of hope. There would be no hope for mankind if it were not for the Cross. The Cross is the *spes unica*, the only hope of a fallen race. The destiny of mankind is eternal life with God, but there would be no hope of achieving that destiny if the human race had not been redeemed from its burden of sin through the Cross.

It is clear that the Divine Redeemer is telling the world that His offering of Himself on the Cross is mankind's great opportunity to obtain forgiveness for its

many and great crimes. This is the great amnesty of the human race. On Calvary "the quality of mercy is not strained, it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven." The saving rain of God's forgiveness falls into the receptive hearts of the Good Thief and the Centurion, who receive it as the parched earth receives the blessed rain from the skies. It falls into the hearts of those who will shortly leave Calvary striking their breasts in repentance.

In the days ahead, the saving rain of God's mercy will fall into the hearts of thousands of the Jews who will hear from the Apostles the good news of their redemption through Christ's saving Cross. Throughout the centuries the rain of forgiveness will fall into the heart of every man who will open his heart to receive it. The hope of mankind was dashed by the sin of Adam but raised immediately by the promise of a Redeemer. Now on Calvary the promise becomes reality.

The Cross is the answer to those who are quoted by Isaiah as saying that "the Lord has forsaken me, and the Lord has forgotten me." Christ replies through His Cross: "Can a woman forget her in-

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• Mercy is more acceptable to  
God than sacrifice.—St. Thomas  
Aquinas

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fant, so as not to have pity on the son of her womb? And if she should forget, yet I will not forget thee."

Christ bears the hopes of humanity in His outstretched arms on the Cross. With that gesture of embrace He encourages every creature of His hands to hope. Moses, in a canticle, speaks as though he were standing before the Cross when he says: "As the eagle entices its young to fly by hovering over its brood, so He spread His wings to receive them and carried them on His shoulders." The Divine Eagle of Calvary is powerful enough to receive and carry on His world-covering wings the hopes of the whole human race.

This is the outpouring of hope that St. Paul wrote of to Titus: "But when the goodness and kindness of God our Saviour appeared, then not by reason of good works that we did ourselves, but according to His mercy. He saved us through the bath of regeneration and renewal by the Holy Spirit; whom He has abundantly poured out through Jesus Christ our Saviour, in order that, justified by His grace, we may be heirs in the hope of life everlasting."

On the Cross all the Saviour's great parables of mercy are being underscored. From the Cross the Good Shep-

herd sweeps with His gaze the wide world, counting His strayed sheep and praying that they will see and heed the beacon of hope that has been erected here at the center of the earth. As a most forgiving Father, the Redeemer looks to the farthest horizon, praying that His prodigal sons will see His arms outstretched to welcome them.

There are only two things that can directly destroy hope. One is the sin of despair, which is committed by those who give up hope of having their sins forgiven and reaching eternal life. The other is the sin of presumption, which is committed if a person indulges in false hope and foolishly supposes that, no matter what he does, everything will turn out all right in the end.

Those who despair question one of God's attributes—His mercy. They dare to set a limit to God's forgiveness when He Himself has placed no limit to it. To commit the sin of despair, a person has to lie to himself about God's willingness to forgive. He has to deceive himself in the face of the mountain of evidence which the world's Redeemer built up on Calvary.

What Dante saw inscribed over the entrance to hell—"All hope abandon, ye who enter here"—may be inscribed over the dark caverns entered by those who give themselves over to the sin that caused Judas to climax his other crimes with suicide. This sin appears to be closely linked with pride. Those who commit it seem to be boasting that in the field of sin at least they are outstanding—so outstanding that even God cannot forgive them.

Presumption is the sin committed by those whose hope is baseless because they are living in such a way as to make them unworthy of the eternal life for which they claim to hope. The presumptuous attempt to take a mean advantage of God's goodness and mercy. They go on in their life of sin, telling themselves that God is too good to let them die in sin.

Those who are guilty of presumption make a mockery of God's law. If they were right in supposing that God would not allow anyone to die in sin, it would not make any difference whether one kept God's law or broke it. A person could commit every kind of crime and feel that in the end it would not matter because he would be snatched from the brink of hell regardless of what he had done. It is evident that self-deception is a factor in the sin of presumption, just as it is in the sin of despair.

The Cross shows that there is hope for the greatest sinner in the world if he is willing to confess his sins and, with God's help, "go and sin no more."



# Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

## Thanksgiving and Dieting

THERE IS SOMETHING fascinating about the way in which women's magazines put on one page a dazzling array of foods in colored photographs, described by words as luscious as the viands, and on the next page a new kind of diet which tells you, if you are a bit high in poundage or don't want to get that way, not to indulge in the very foods you saw on the previous page. In addition to the one which lures and the second which warns, there is a third kind of page, that of the ads, especially those of insurance companies which give statistics on how much longer the thin live than the fat—and next to it is a page with a chocolate cake of marvelous height and sugar content made from an easy-to-mix package.

This subject of dieting has been on my mind for some time, but perhaps the Thanksgiving month is not the one finally to set it down in words. Nor am I really the person to do it, for I prefer an ice to a sundae and a salad to spaghetti; and even when I eat the so-called fattening foods, I do not get fat and find it hard to understand the alarmed looks of a friend who is calculating that one more piece of frosted cake will mean a pound right on her.

But I would like to speak my small piece on the subject. And if right here someone says that I too wrote a cookbook some years ago, I hasten with rebuttal: it was a feast-day cookbook and on feast days you are supposed to eat and eat well. As for the thousands of methods for getting thin—by way of pill or protein bread or raw vegetables or something like Amy March's long-ago method of stick cinnamon and pickled limes, or that odd thing, latest of them all, called the Fabulous Diet, of which more later—let me right here offer the best and simplest diet for reducing that you ever heard of. It was the suggestion of a crusty old doctor I knew years ago when lettuce was still looked at askance by many who thought it was full of deadly germs and when tomatoes were considered poison and grown in gardens only for their pretty color. He gave this as his diet for overweight, only he suggested they keep it up for life: eat half as much as you hitherto have of starches and sugars and proteins and sugars, and twice as much of vegetables and fruits and salads. There it is, easy as can be, and I offer it free.

## Virtue and Dieting

THERE ARE, OF COURSE, food drunkards as well as cocktail drunkards and both are usually the result of a will grown weak or one that never was very strong. For, of course, there is a very plain method for not getting fat: doing without things that cause it. This method develops character. On the other hand, if one goes on one of those monotonous diets of chops and pineapple or tomato juice and crackers, one can develop a very mean disposition. And I'm not sure a slightly double chin with a pleasant attitude is not to be preferred to the unhappy dyspeptic on a harsh diet who makes other people as unhappy as himself.

Doctors and psychologists claim that many overplump ladies are so because they are unhappy: they eat to forget their troubles, just as others drink to forget theirs. This is called compensation, and I should say the fastest way to cure

it would be to find something to drive away the moping—like helping in a hospital or a foundling home or going about with religious who visit the homes of the poor, where people diet because they have to and not to remain—or try to become—beautiful. This is a form of compensation that to me would seem much more interesting than eating too much.

To overeat and know you are doing it and not make an effort to stop what you know is wrong will surely have a moral result too. It is certainly no strengthener of character to take a second cream puff when one did you nicely, or even the first one if you ought not eat it. For surely there is another reason for not overeating than that of forgetting your woes or wanting to rival the Venus de Milo or Marilyn Monroe. It just happens that gluttony is one of the deadly sins and so it does seem to me one might consider dieting or eating moderately, not just so you will be a perfect thirty-two, but also that it will make you stronger if you don't give in to temptation in the form of a whipped cream dessert.

However, just to show how fair I am, there is another sin which keeps getting mixed up with this dieting business. It concerns the dieter who talks about it all the time, who sits in pride before you with her sad little leaves of lettuce, her dry toast without butter and who smugly takes a little vial from her purse and shakes into her food a small sugar substitute. We now have candy made from non-fattening elements, cake with a nonfattening flour, oil that is not oil, and so on. It seems to me it would be much simpler just not to eat candy or cake at all and try instead a juicy apple or fresh figs or a pear. But don't act superior to your neighbor who wants to eat her cake.

## The Fabulous Diet

NOW FOR A FEW WORDS on the Fabulous Diet of which mention was made above. It is a late comer to the lists and it is so popular that the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which ran it some months ago, sold out the number which contained it very rapidly. It is a reducing diet and you don't have to take it for life, which is one consolation, for it consists of evaporated milk, corn oil, water, and dextrose. You mix well this fascinating mess and put it on ice and make yourself a fresh batch every day and substitute it for meals. If you are finicky you may put in a noncaloric flavoring like artificial maple syrup. This you eat until you reduce to the ideal. If one wants to strengthen the will on the side, this ought to do it; it sounds little better than what our most renowned desert fathers fed on.

I am not a woman who fusses about her food, but this weight loser looks tough to me and I am happy I don't need it. There is one ray of light in it for those brave enough to try it and that is, I learn, you can drink black coffee. I like cream in mine, but even black it would make life more endurable while consuming one's fabulous diet mixture.

All these musings, of course, apply to days in general and not to a day like Thanksgiving, when even the Puritans ran riot. For that day I wish you all, from the hundred pounders up and up, heaped plates, and no glucose, unbuttered toast, corn oil, or grapefruit juice, but just turkey and the fixings. Start with your moderation on Friday.





United Press Photos

*The Babe, left, does a Highland Fling after winning a golf match in Scotland*

## THE ETERNAL TOMBOY

*When Babe Didrikson Zaharias died at the age of forty-two, the newspapers called her "the eternal tomboy." She was that. She was also the most real of human beings, innocent of pretense, exuberantly alive, and unconquerably herself*

by RED SMITH

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SHE WAS a gallant lady. Mildred Didrikson Babe Zaharias. "The eternal tomboy," they called her on the editorial page of the *New York Herald Tribune* when she died at the age of forty-two. She was that. She was also, as all the papers said, the finest woman athlete who ever lived. Above all, she was the most real of human beings, exuberantly alive, unconquerably herself, warmhearted, innocent of vanity or pretense or inhibitions or affectation.

A month has gone by, give or take a week, since she went down fighting in the long battle with cancer. A month is a longish time to be remembered in sports. There have been athletes who had their hour of fame and were forgotten in the sixty-first minute.

When a decade has passed, they'll still be telling stories about Babe Zaharias. Heaven and the hydrogen bomb permitting, there'll be graybeards boring their juniors thirty years hence. "Never another like the Babe," they will say, "never in this world."

Babe was the happiest of warriors, deadly serious in competition but snickering always at the world and herself. Nothing could express more aptly her personality and her philosophy than the ungrammatical four-word sentence she delivered in the spring of 1947.

She was a golfer then, but a golfer such as the gals had never seen. Starting the summer before in the Trans-Mississippi championships in Denver, she had played and won twelve tournaments in a row from Texas to Florida. If there ever was another golfer who won six major competitions in a row, the name doesn't come to mind. In the final round of the Women's National Amateur, Babe won by eleven holes with nine to play, and on the next-to-last hole she put an approach shot into the cup from 130 yards for an eagle two. That's how she was bowling 'em down.

Now she was playing in the Women's Titleholders tournament in Augusta, Ga., gunning for her thirteenth straight.

After two of the four days, Dorothy Kirby was in front by ten strokes. "This time," the girls were exulting, "we've got her." In the last two rounds, Babe came ripping through the field and won with five strokes to spare. All over the course behind her, the ladies dissolved in tears.

At the finish, the press thronged around her. "How'd you do it, Babe?" The big, wide, toothy grin split the narrow face.

"Just unloosened the girdle," she said.

Before the guffaws died, she must have started chuckling at her own unembarrassed gacherie. At least, there

is a story that suggests as much. The story is told that later, when a golfing hall of fame was founded in Augusta and Babe was asked to contribute some bit of memorabilia to be exhibited beside the putter employed by this champion and the gutta-percha ball smitten by that one, she sent along *The Girdle*.

The tale could be apocryphal but it will never be checked here. It is pleasanter to believe in the story and the gay self-mockery it implies.

If it is a fable and Babe were alive, she would deny it promptly and loudly, not out of maidenly reserve but out of fierce and uncompromising honesty. She had a passion for facts.

When Grantland Rice was writing his memoirs, he devoted a chapter to reminiscence about the Babe. His memory, warmed by the years and by his admiration for this girl, may have added a few yards to some tee shots. At any rate, when that part of the manuscript was submitted to Babe she played the devil's advocate in marginal notes that disclaimed credit Granny had given her here, protested that he was overkind there, challenged his recollection of some other achievement.

Cutting and condensing like an editor for *Reader's Digest*, she left about half a chapter, including Granny's story of the first round of golf she ever played. This was in 1932 when Babe Didrikson was a spindly adolescent throwing the javelin, flitting over the hurdles, and flinging herself across the high-jump bar in the 1932 Olympic Games in Los Angeles.

Granny invited her out to the Brentwood course and brought along three other sports writers, Westbrook Pegler, Paul Gallico, and Braven Dyer. Reading his description of that match years later, she scribbled protests in the margins: "Grantland! You know I was all over the course!" But she left the essential facts unchallenged.

Stepping up to the first tee with only a vague idea of how to swing a golf club, she out-hit all four men with a drive of about 240 yards. Most of her tee shots that day went 240 to 260 yards, but of course she hit wildly on occasion. She and Granny were playing the other three and they came to the seventeenth all square, with a dollar Nassau riding on the match.

Gallico hit to the green. Granny and Babe found traps. "Paul," Babe said, "I'll race you to the green." When Gallico was writing sports, he never took a dare. He sparred in training camp with Dempsey. He studied fencing. He flew his own plane to cover several events in a single afternoon. Would he now back down at the chal-

lenge of this lean wisp of a mere girl?

Away they dashed, downhill and then up. Babe was at the peak of Olympic condition. She rated herself, one stride ahead of her thundering adversary. At the edge of the green Paul plunged face down, heaving and gasping. When he dragged himself up he four-putted. Granny and Babe won the hole and the match.

For twenty years and more, Babe laughed about that. From childhood on, she laughed through sports—as a kid basketball player, as an Olympic champion in track and field, as a championship golfer, as a participant in many endeavors usually restricted to men.

She slathered guys at tennis who could play pretty well. She pitched against major league ball players and barnstormed with the bearded House of David team. She made movies racing for touchdowns against college football players who, she said, missed tackles with exquisite punctilio. She threw a baseball 295 feet; men with big muscles and heavy bludgeons get famous in the Polo Grounds for hitting home runs that don't go nearly so far.

Laughing, she married a wonderful guy who laughed with her. George Zaharias was a professional wrestler, one of the sweetest and gentlest of all the foul fiends that ever pretended to claw the eyeballs out of a sterling American youth. Memory retrieves a story about George which may help explain why Babe adored him.

Wrestling in St. Louis, he suffered the sort of accident that can occur to the most accomplished of tumblers; he whanged his head against a ring post and was knocked bug-eyed. He was carted off to a hospital where a man named Harry Keener, a deputy in the Missouri Athletic Commission, called around next morning to see him.

"Mr. Zaharias cannot have visitors," said the doctor. "He is in grave condition with a possible fracture at the base of the skull, which could be critical."

"He'll be wrestling inside a week," Keener said. The doctor stiffened.

"I know my profession," he said.

"I know wrestlers," Keener said.

Now, George Zaharias was a big boy and he needed fuel for his furnace. On nights when he retired early, he'd wake at three or four A.M. and go out for a snack. Two nights after he was admitted to the hospital, he showed up in the Maryland Hotel downtown where the St. Louis wrestling promoter lived. "I had to get out," he said. "They were starving me to death."

Within a week he was wrestling in Wichita. It is perfectly clear why Babe loved him and he loved Babe.



## THE McCANNs AT HOME

One of the nicest things about Alfred and Dora McCann, twice-daily broadcasters of advice on everything from soup to children over radio station WOR, New York, is that they bear no resemblance to the popular stereotype of food "experts" as wild-eyed, woolly-haired crusaders for more yogurt and black-strap molasses in the national diet. But experts they are, and, far from being wild-eyed or woolly-haired, the McCanns and their program, "The McCanns at Home," are as friendly and folksy as the family down the street.

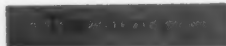
According to Alfred, who succeeded his father in the WOR spot in 1931 after his father's death, the program's only formula is simply "food and children." And that covers everything from child development to vitamins, from poison ivy to family excursions, and from good food buys of the week to keeping the home a tranquil, happy place, free from worry and tension. "Our only taboo," says Dora, "is against sermonizing. We have too high a regard for the common sense, intelligence, and responsibility of today's parents for that."

If the McCanns' approach is down-to-earth, two good reasons for it can be found in the McCanns' two children, Laurie, 8, and Patsy, 18. "Textbook theories," says Alfred, "have a way of losing some of their sheen when they encounter two growing children."

For the McCanns, the most intriguing thing about their program is its durability. "Apparently," they agree, "we are filling some sort of modest need for a service helpful in building a strong family life."



*The McCanns broadcast from a den cluttered with family memorabilia*



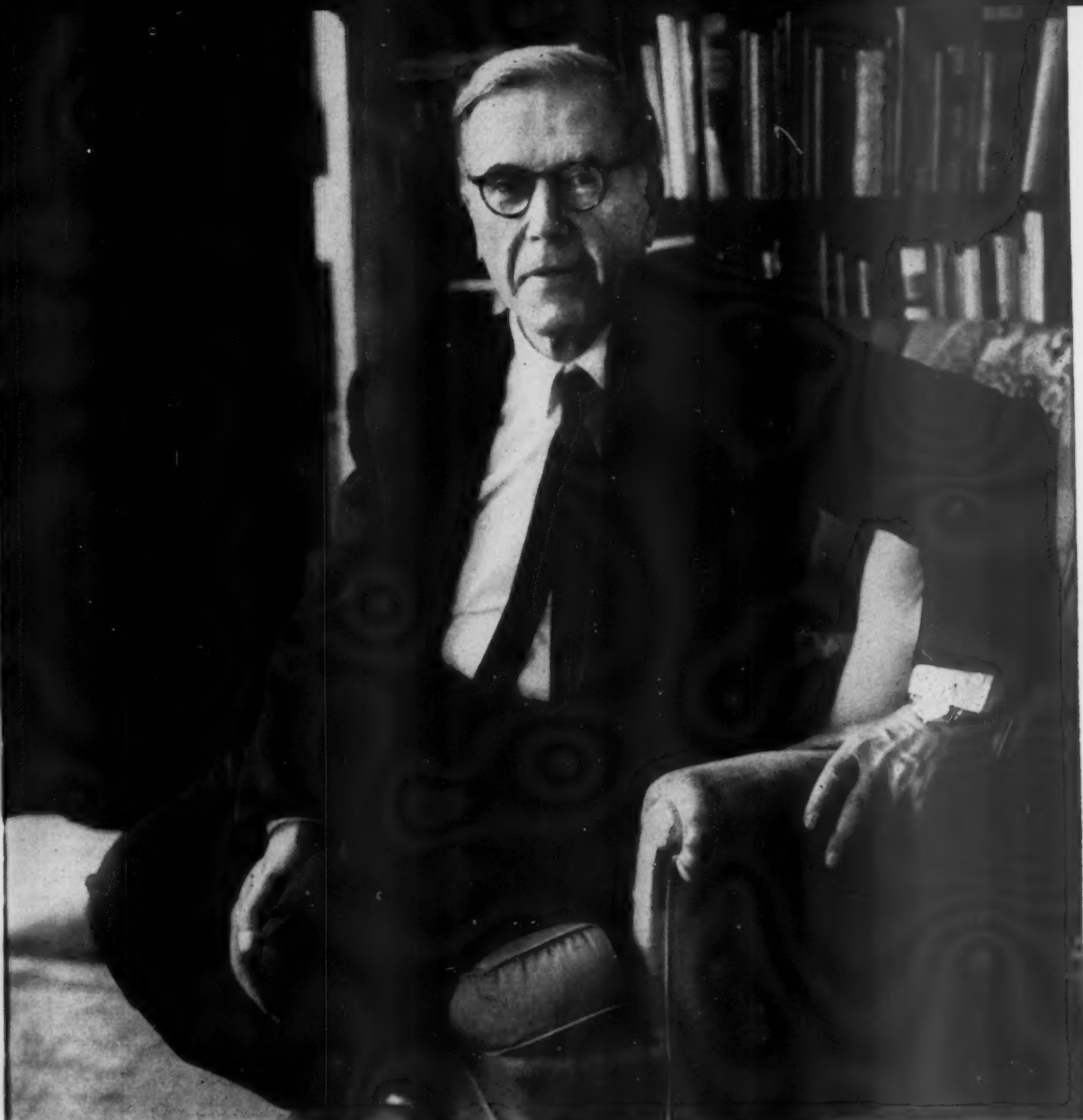
*Photographs by Dan Coleman*



*The McCanns' children, Patsy, 18, and Laurie, 8, occasionally sit in quietly on a broadcast*



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Photograph by Jacques Loez

*Dietrich von Hildebrand: For a deep and genuine thirst, no stale, textbook formulae*

## PHILOSOPHER OF REALITY

When man denies the existence of objective truth and values, believes Dr. Dietrich von Hildebrand, senior professor in philosophy at Fordham University's graduate school, there remain no ultimate alternatives but collectivism or suicide. For Dr. von Hildebrand, who made a personal discovery of the Catholic Church as a haven of objective truth at the age of 24 and later was hounded by the Nazis for his beliefs, this is no idle academic credo but a belief born of deep and even painful experience. He points out that even Jacques Maritain once contemplated suicide before discovering the richness of Catholic philosophy. "The human mind," says von Hildebrand, "inevitably despairs without some assurance that truth and beauty and goodness

indeed have meaning. Few things illustrate this more clearly than our own dramatic age, peopled as it is by anguished souls who have failed to find the answer to their anguish in moral and intellectual relativism."

Von Hildebrand, who brilliantly analyzes relativism in his book *The New Tower of Babel*, sees in this modern anguish both a prospect and a challenge. "The world has never been more ripe for a philosophy rooted in reality and inspired by Revelation. We have such a philosophy to offer, but it will not suffice for us simply to repeat stale, textbook formulae which, as true as they may be, lack any living contact with today's reality. What is needed instead is a fresh, penetrating analysis of reality that holds an urgent meaning for modern man. Only this can satisfy his deep and genuine thirst for an objective philosophy."



# On your Marks — GET SET



Ex-Fordhamite, Tom Courtney, best half-miler at Olympic Games trials

*("I recall the passage in Plutarch wherein Themistocles, being asked whether he would rather be Achilles or Homer, replied: 'Which would you rather be, a conqueror in the Olympic Games, or the crier who proclaims who are conquerors?' Indeed, to portray adequately the vividness and brilliance of that great Olympic spectacle would be worthy of the pen of even the great Homer himself."—Gen Douglas MacArthur)*

AMERICA'S "IRISH WHALES" were relaxing in a London alehouse one day prior to the 1908 Olympic Games.

One of their rollicking crew—Matt McGrath—had a slight indisposition. There was kinship and camaraderie among "The Whales," so it was natural Matt's malady be of concern to all. Paddy Ryan, Pat McDonald, Marty Sheridan, Jim Mitchell, and John Flanagan were present, every one a strapping 200-pounds plus—everyone participating in the painful medicinal ministrations. Irish whisky, it was.

As the conversational tempo pepped up in the pub, McGrath felt better. Everybody else did, too. Someone said Olympic Games protocol dictated that the flag of every nation be lowered while passing the host country's monarch during the opening ceremony.

"The American flag will never bow before a British King!" one of the Whales bellowed. Fellow patriots took up the cry.

Next day "The Whales" kept their vow. They had a private chat with muscular Ralph Rose, the official U.S. flagbearer, who was destined to win the Olympics gold medal in the shot put. Ralph was a sensible man. After Pat McDonald (prodigious Pat stood six-foot-five and scaled 328 pounds!) and the other "Whales" spoke their patriotic piece, it was in-the-bag.

The Stars and Stripes waved proudly and gloriously throughout the opening ceremony at London, just as our flag has ever since. It did not dip that day in 1908 for King Edward VII.

The American flag won't bow in the Melbourne breeze November 22 at the opening ceremony of the XVIth Olympiad, just as it didn't curtsy to a king in London a half-century ago.

More important, America's potent



by CHARLES G. JOHNSON

## Catholic colleges will supply Uncle Sam with top stars for the Olympic Games. Soviet pro-amateurs had better watch out

track and field forces won't sag before the Soviet threat.

When eight days of exciting track and field competition begin in Melbourne's old cricket grounds, a vast double deck plant seating 120,000 spectators, there'll be the most brilliant BVD brigade in U.S. spike annals frisking across the cinders. America could score sweeps (1-2-3) in almost every race up to 1500 meters.

In field events, America could do almost as well. We have an excellent chance to finish one-two-three in the pole vault and shot put, for example.

Uncle Sam isn't blessed with "Irish Whales" this time, but there's a bantam from Manhattan. Some 'bantam!' He's Ken Bantum, six-foot-six shot-putter from Manhattan College who scales 242. Ken is a fitting successor to "The Whales," though he probably can't flip a 56-lb. weight over his own house like Matt McGrath used to do.

This powerful youngster from Manhattan (Christian Brothers) became the third man in world history to toss the 16-pound iron ball beyond 60 feet when he won the NCAA shot-put title in June. One week later he won the national AAU championship. Best of all, he defeated the world record holder Parry O'Brien. It was the first defeat powerful Parry had suffered in 115 consecutive competitions stretching over five years.

Bantum is a junior at Manhattan, and he hasn't begun to reach his ultimate, according to Jasper coach George Eastment. Right now O'Brien's official world record is 60-ft. 10-in., though he has a 62-ft. 6 $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. toss (Sept. 3, 1956) awaiting official sanction. Bantum is exceptionally fast, powerful, and a tireless worker. Many track critics say he will some day hit 63 feet. Eastment, an archconservative, refuses to speculate on the distance. He told me during an interview at Los Angeles' Sheraton-Town House Hotel "God knows—Eastment doesn't!"

Here's a prediction Bantum of Manhattan will win an Olympic Games gold medal! If he fails to whip "old pro" O'Brien this month in Melbourne, then young Ken'll be back for an almost certain triumph in the 1960 games.

Other standout athletes from Catholic colleges across the land will help keep the Stars and Stripes in the spot-

light during the eight-day competition Down Under.

Take Tom Courtney, the ex-Fordham Flash, now running for Uncle Sam's Army. Tom is the "Irish Whale" of international half-milers. This sinewy scrapper is six-foot-two, has a strong stride, and scales 185. Distance and middle distance men are slim-'n-slight, weigh in the neighborhood of 140-165 pounds. Big Tom has the speed of a 400-meter man.

Dean Cromwell, known as the "Father of Champions" at Southern California prior to his retirement, declares: "Tom is just now growing up as a runner. He absolutely flew those last 40 yards at Bakersfield. He made a lot of good sprinters look like they were standing still!"

In the Olympics trials, Tom roared around Arnie in the final 220 to win by four or five strides. His time was 1:46.4, a new American record. It was the third fastest time ever recorded anywhere.

Tom is one of five sons born to James and Dolores Courtney of St. Philomena's Parish, Livingston, N. J. Dad Courtney is tower director on the Lackawanna Railroad.

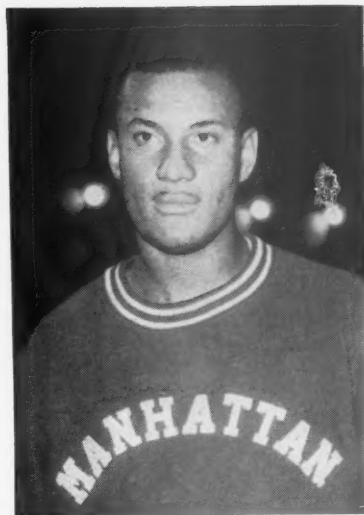
The Courtney family lineup goes like this: Jim, 26; Brian, 24; Tom, 22; Dennis, 21; and Kevin, 5. Kevin is the Courtney pride and joy.

"He's the athlete of the family," Tom grinned. "Kevin can do one-hand push-ups!"

The exact antithesis to an "Irish Whale" is America's No. 1 hope in the broad jump, ex-Marquette star John (Jumpin' Jack) Bennett. This Jesuit-trained lad from Grand Forks, No. Dak., is a slight five-foot-seven, 145-lb. bundle of energy. But he has enough speed to zip 9.8 in the 100-yard dash; sufficient spring to high jump six-foot-five—nearly one foot over his own height. In the Olympic trials at Los Angeles, the pint-size Mr. Bennett delighted everyone by flying out over the 25-foot mark on five of his six jumps. The sixth leap was beyond 26-feet, but he had fouled. Amazing consistency!

Marquette Coach Melvin (Bus) Shimek says of his blonde protegee:

"John seems to be getting more height on his jumps. If conditions are right, he'll take the Olympic crown. He should



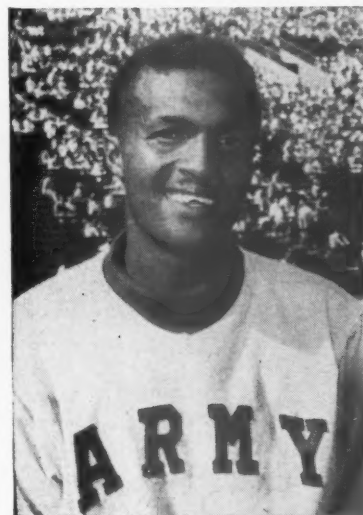
H. Lee Hanson photo

**Ken Bantum, Manhattan College Junior, star with 16-lb. shot**



U. of Minnesota photo

**Jim Kelly, head coach for track and field**



H. Lee Hanson photo

**Lou Jones, ex-Manhattan star, "best quartermiler in world"**



give the world record a good shaking if he doesn't break it!"

A second "kangaroo" on Uncle Sam's team, this one championed by the Christian Brothers, is Ira Davis of LaSalle College. Ira set a new American citizen's record of 51-ft. 4¾-in. when he copped the hop, step, and jump title at the Olympic trials.

This 6-1, 155-lb. LaSalle stringbean soared 45 feet as a freshman. It prompted his coach, Frank Wetzler, to exclaim:

"Ira, you'll go to the Olympics next year!"

So they huddled with Brother David, F.S.C., and mapped out a scholastic program that would enable Ira to stay with his class and still make the trip to Australia. Extra classes were added to Ira's academic program. He tackled six cost accounting units at summer school.

Meanwhile, Ira is working in the cool of the evening at La Salle's McCarthy stadium trying to put together his best individual marks—hop, 20 feet; step, 15 feet; and jump, 20-ft. 11-in. If he gets them tied together, the 55-ft. 11-in. result would be a world's record.

Ira has a style of sprinting down the runway which will fascinate the Melbourne fans. Unlike most dashmen (he boasts 9.6 and 21.4 clockings) Ira leans backward and seems to be sitting in a chair, yet he glides along with elastic grace. When he makes an extraordinary jump, as the 51-4¾ American mark at the Olympic trials, he expresses his happiness by excitedly bouncing about and shaking hands with everybody in the immediate neighborhood. His antics enchant the crowd.

America's hope in the hop, step, and

jump is the son of Lulu Davis, a Philadelphia seamstress. His father is deceased. Ira hopes to bring home an Olympics gold medal for Lulu and LaSalle.

As opening day of the Olympics approaches, everybody's talkin' about the Jones boy—and the way he smashes world records. The Jones boy, of course, is superbly trained Lou Jones, ex-quartermile comet from Manhattan.

Lou was cinder darling of the crowd at the Olympics trials in Los Angeles, despite the fact he outkicked Jim Lea, a hometown boy from Southern California, to win. In doing so, he sliced two-tenths of a second off his own world record. His official clocking of 45.2 irrefutably established the Jones boy as the greatest quarter-miler who ever lived.

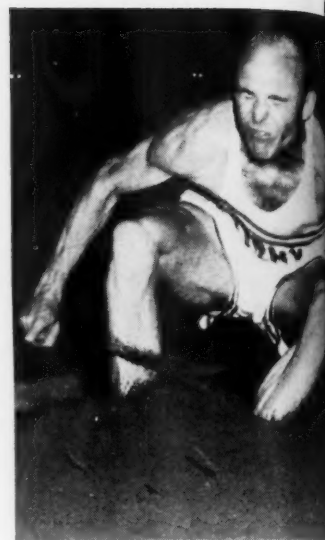
After the race, beaten and bewildered Jim Lea (he flashed the 400-meters in 45.8!) was asked: "How can you beat that Jones?"

Jim answered dejectedly: "*The only way to beat him is with a stick!*" He indicated Jones' time would have been five-tenths faster on the lightning Bakersfield cinderpath, where the National AAU race had been run. That would be 44.7, which is like somebody high-jumping eight feet!

How does the Jones boy make such a farce of the record book? I asked his college coach, George Eastment, the source of Lou's stamina and strength.

"It's something he's built up," he replied with a grin. "It's the result of years of hard work and good training habits. Lou is a wonderful boy. He's extremely coachable!"

Eastment, incidentally, hopes to have



John Bennett, (Marquette), sprints; Ira

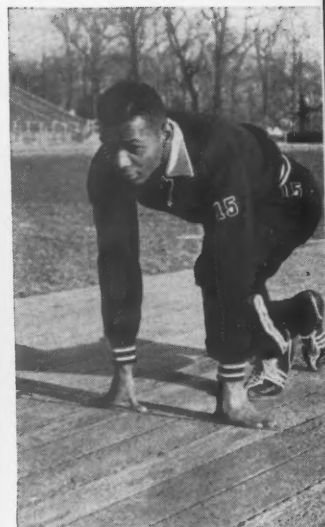
two gold medal winners in the Melbourne Games. Jones is almost a certain champion, and Ken Bantum could click too for his coach and the Christian Brothers. In the 1952 games at Helsinki, Eastment put across one of the most fantastic "sleepers" in Olympics history. Lindy Remigino, the "nobody" from Manhattan (who surprised by even making the U.S. team), sprinted home first in the 100-yard dash. Two champions this time would be a feather in the cap of the little law professor from Manhattan, whose teams each year dominate the eastern seaboard cinder scene. And his chances look good.

Villanova University, conducted by



Villanova's Jim Elliott talks to three of his stars, (l to r) Jenkins, 400 meters; Reavis, high jump; Bragg, pole vault





Julius Schick photo

ette), Cooper; Ira Davis (La Salle), hop, step and jump; Phil Reavis (Villanova), high jumper; Jenkins (Villanova), 400-meters

the Augustinian Fathers, may make quite a splash at Melbourne, too. Its authentic "Irish whale," in the sense he's a whale of an Irishman, is Ron Delany of Dublin—and Villanova. Ron will run for the Ould Sod at Melbourne. Villanova intends to take its share of the bows if he wins.

Last June first, Villanova's junior pride from the Emerald Isle became the seventh man in history to crack the four-minute mile. He nipped Denmark's great Gunnar Nielson in a stirring stretch drive at the Compton Invitational Meet to win in 3:59-flat. No native American—no, not Wes Santee!—has yet been able to zip four laps under four minutes. Only three men—Australia's John Landy and Jim Bailey, Britain's Roger Bannister—have posted faster clockings than Delany.

Ron is a devout Dubliner. He attended three Masses and received Holy Communion that memorable June 1. "It was First Friday," he recalls happily. (The church he attended was—appropriately—Our Lady of Victory.)

Villanova lost an almost certain gold medal at the games when its pole vault record holder, Don Bragg, fell from grace with a pulled thigh muscle. Bragg holds both the indoor and outdoor college marks and is generally considered the world's best modern vaulter.

Two Villanova athletes who *did* make the Olympics team are Flyin' Phil Reavis, hailed as "the greatest little high-jumper in history"; and quarter-miler Charley Jenkins, whose Dad lives right around the corner from Harvard University in Cambridge.

A midjet among modern jumpers

(5-foot-9¼-in.), Reavis tied for second in the Olympics trials. He leaped more than one foot over his own height. The only fellow who did better, Compton's Charley Dumas, soared 7-ft. and ¾-in., a new world record. Flyin' Phil came to Villanova from Somerville, Mass., where he won every high-jump title in sight and gained academic glory as president of the National Honor Society. If he can grow an inch or two, according to Villanova coach "Jumbo" Elliott, Reavis eventually will soar into outer space—say seven feet or better.

Flyin' Phil is a relaxed competitor with unusual form. He rolls over the bar, then plummets into the pit head-first. As a sophomore this past spring, he started sensationally by leaping 6-foot-9¾-in. and 6-foot-10 in his initial two meets. He could be Uncle Sam's "sleeper" at Melbourne.

Poised, popular Charley Jenkins, Villanova's middle-distance pride, gained his Olympics 400-meter berth by finishing third in a swift 46.1 behind Lou Jones' incredible world record (45.2). If he can duplicate 46.1 at Melbourne, it'll be good enough to gain second or third place for the U.S.

Charley is a soft-spoken, good-looking Cambridge boy. His father, a childhood polio victim and a widower, and his favorite aunt both wanted him to study at Villanova despite the fact the family dwells just around the corner from Harvard University. Charley's cousin

majoring in chemistry at Harvard and competed on the cinderpath.

The head coach of the American Olympics track and field team is an Irishman—bronzed, bushy-browed, white-haired James Dennis Kelly, sixty-two. From 1926 until 1936 he served as track, basketball, and football coach at DePaul University (Vincentian Fathers) in Chicago, and as athletic director as well. Then he joined Minnesota of the Big Ten. This iron-willed Minnesota mentor suffered a heart attack in April, but insists he'll be in top condition for the big international show. Because the Games are being staged in the Southern Hemisphere, in the wrong season for us, Kelly has a Herculean task ahead. No previous U.S. Olympics coach has been called on to select his 68-man squad in June, then maintain it at peak physical shape for five months—then win a pocketful of gold medals.

"Good thing my hair turned white when I was young," Kelly chuckles. Then the blue-eyed Irishman turns serious and says: "I'm not worrying. It's been encouraging to have so many of our Olympic athletes come to me and say—'Don't worry, coach. I'll be at my best!'"

James Dennis Kelly has faith in America's young people. He isn't losing sleep stewing about Soviet Russia and its semi-pros of the cinderpaths. He knows fellows like Tom Courtney, Ken Bantum, Lou Jones, Ira Davis, John Bennett, et al, will be able to handle anything the rest of the world has to offer.

Coach Kelly says unequivocally: "The Yanks will be tough to beat at Melbourne!"

CHARLES G. JOHNSON is Sports editor of *The Tidings*, Los Angeles Catholic newspaper, and a frequent contributor to *Columbia*, *Catholic Digest*, and *Extension*.



# THE SIGN POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

## Baptismal Names

*Must a baptizing priest insist upon a saint's name for the infant?—T.R., NEW YORK, N. Y.*



This obligation is so strict that, according to Church Law, if parents refuse to co-operate, the baptizing priest is to assign a saint's name in addition to the name preferred by the parents and then enter both names in the baptismal register. (Canon 761)

The custom of assigning to the baptized the name of a heavenly patron began in the fourth century. At that time, the faithful were exhorted to choose the names of saintly personages of the Old Testament or the names of the early Christian martyrs. The Roman Ritual outrules any names that savor of the ridiculous or names that commemorate heathen deities or unholy heathen men or women. It should be instinctive to any religious-minded parents, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, to enlist the interest and protection of a heavenly patron on the occasion of a christening. It is all well and good to name a child after an aunt or uncle or other relative, but there is more significance than that to the choice of a baptismal name.

## Vestment Colors

*I have an Infant of Prague statue and a set of robes of various colors. What color should be used each month?—D. M., ALLSTON, MASS.*

First of all, you are not obliged in conscience to change the colors of the robes at all. If you wish to follow correct procedure, you should change the robes according to the religious calendar of the Church. The colors called for on the various feast days are indicated on some of the calendars issued by parish churches and in the daily missal or Mass-book, a copy of which is available in English. It is entitled *The St. Joseph Daily Missal*, and may be ordered from the book department of THE SIGN.

## YW-YM

*a) May a Catholic become a member of the "Y" in order to attend a social club or a handicraft class, provided he or she be well educated as a Catholic? b) What is meant by the term "extraparochial"?—R. W., AURORA, ILL.*

a) Statistics do not exist, but there are only too many Catholics who manifest an ultraliberal attitude toward the membership of Catholics in organizations such as the "Y." This attitude is traceable to more than one factor. By and large, there is a dearth—under Catholic auspices—of the athletic, social, and educational facilities offered by certain groups. This lack is regrettable, because the religious climate in which such programs are carried out is a matter of very practical concern to the Church. All of which points up the need there is for the organization of such activities under

Catholic auspices, on a parochial or a regional scale. But, in the meantime, an unhealthful climate remains unhealthful.

Secondly, many are very slow to scent religious danger, very quick to expose themselves brashly. The danger in this case is the so-called neutral attitude toward religion, which tends to beget indifferentism. In this case and in that of non-Catholic schools, the ultraliberal Catholic bemoans the "ultraconservative" attitude of the Church and rates it as "much ado about nothing." No wonder that the Holy See has inveighed so eloquently against the education of Catholics in the wrong setting and against their membership in the senior and junior "Y's!"

b) "Extraparochial" means outside, beyond the territorial limits of a parish; or possibly, the reference might be to something occurring within the parish, but not under parochial auspices.

## Scrupulous?

*In business for himself, my husband feels hypocritical because he professes to be a Catholic and yet charges people who cannot afford to pay.—M. C., FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.*

You do not specify whether your husband sets his own prices on luxury items or necessities. However, since he does not overcharge the well-to-do in order to cut prices for the poor, he has no reason to be disturbed. If he did not charge a certain minimum for so many poor customers, he would soon be out of business. It would seem advisable that he make it known to those customers that he is selling to them at cut rates—otherwise, they might suspect other storekeepers of overcharging them.

## Pro-Cathedral

*What is meant by a pro-cathedral?—R. J., BROOKLYN, N. Y.*

A pro-cathedral is a church designated by the bishop of a diocese as a temporary cathedral, pending the building of a permanent one or the choice of another church as the permanent cathedral of the diocese. The cathedral is the church in which is located the throne of the Ordinary or bishop in charge of the diocese. As a rule, it is located in the city from which the diocese takes its name.

## Flowers At Funeral

*Is it forbidden to display flowers at a Catholic wake or funeral?—I. F., JUNEAU, ALASKA.*

The Church does not forbid this practice, which is tolerated without encouragement. Flowers are usually associated with some festive, joyous occasion. Hence, floral displays seem out of place on the occasion of a death. So much so that many families publicize a request that flowers be omitted. No flowers are permitted upon the altar during a funeral Mass. Understanding sympathy is expressed in a way much more practical and acceptable to people of faith, by arrang-



ing for Masses for the suffrage of a departed soul. "Remember me, remember me, at least you, my friends, for the Hand of the Lord hath touched me!" (Job 19:21) To that appeal of the departed soul, which is the more logical response—flowers or suffrages?

### Gethsemane

Where is Gethsemane located?—G. R., TOPEKA, KANS.

There are two places by the name of Gethsemane or Gethsmani—one in the U.S.A. and the other in the Holy Land. Gethsemane, Ky., is the location of the senior Trappist Abbey in this country. It was founded in 1848, and from it, especially within recent years, many other Trappist or Cistercian monasteries have radiated.

Gethsemane was originally a Hebrew term signifying "oil press." It is the name of the olive garden at the foot of Mt. Olivet, the scene of Christ's agony and sweat of blood and betrayal. The exact location of this garden is disputed. Its identification is not sustained by the ancient olive trees to be found at the present time, for during the siege of Jerusalem in 70 A.D., all trees within twelve miles of the city were destroyed by the Romans. Both the Greeks and the Latins claim the more likely location of Christ's Garden of Olives.

### General Confession

When is a general confession necessary?—M. R., ASTORIA, N. Y.

A general confession—covering all of one's past life—is necessary only when we are certain of serious defects in previous confessions, such as an obvious lack of sincerity on the score of contrition or purpose of amendment or a deliberate concealment of grave sins. A person who is inclined to be scrupulous suffers from a "nervous conscience" and should not be permitted to make a general confession. If, from one confession to another, a person does his best to be reasonably thorough in his examination of conscience and couples with that endeavor an honest to goodness purpose of amendment and an honest declaration of his sins, he is under no obligation to "patch up" defects by a general confession.

### Faith

Why is it that, in Catholic pulpits and books, there is so much harping on the need for faith? That emphasis seems typical of so many Protestants, who claim that we are justified by faith.—B.D., STOWE, VT.



As to the pivotal importance of faith, in the over-all plan of human salvation, there is a sharp difference between Catholic and certain non-Catholic teachings. It is, indeed, typical of some Protestant teaching to maintain that we can be justified before God by faith alone. But as a matter of fact, no good-living Protestant acts that way, for common sense dictates that our conduct must be consistent with our belief. "So faith, if it have not works, is dead in itself. The devils believe and tremble. Wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead? Do you see that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only? For even as the body without the spirit is dead, so also, faith without works is dead." (James 2: 17-26)

The Catholic Church insists that we must *live* our faith. But for logical and psychological reasons, we emphasize the importance of faith as a guide to conduct. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." (Hebrews 11:6) The Almighty

is bound to be displeased with any intelligent creature who does not believe. Such a person either snubs God outright and altogether, or hesitates to rely upon His sacred word, or prefers to avoid the virtuous life consistent with the convictions of a man of faith.

Faith must precede both our hope and our devotion to God, which is exemplified by good works. The function of the mind must precede the function of the will. In other words, before we can hope to obtain what is good for us, we must know about it. Similarly, before we devote ourselves to anyone and to his service, we must know him at his true worth. And it is by faith that we come to know fully of the relationship between ourselves and the Almighty; our faith in His reliability justifies our hope in His many promises. Logically, too, it is impossible to persevere amid the hardships entailed by fidelity to God unless we have the convictions of a man of faith. To build our hopes upon the promises of one of whom we are ignorant, to try to love and serve one whom we do not know, would be irrational. Hence, the logical and psychological importance of faith should be obvious. To "harp" upon the priority of faith is not to make much ado about little. Nor is it equivalent to teaching that we are justified before God by faith alone.

When we make an act of faith in any item of God's revelation, our minds accept as true something we cannot, on our own, fully understand. In so doing, we rely upon His divine knowledge and truthfulness. Since divine reliability is foolproof, to believe mysteries on the say-so of God is not to commit intellectual suicide. Rather, we become divinely secure by sharing in the wisdom of God. Furthermore, genuine faith is a case of "all or nothing." We have as much reason to accept all divine revelation as we have to accept any one item or other. We cannot believe in the Trinity and logically reject the Eucharist. We cannot accept the Seventh Commandment and logically think as we please about divorce or abortion or unnatural birth control. Why? Because the motive, the reason, for our faith is God's reliability—not our own insight, any more than our likes or dislikes.

### Forbidden Books

Just what is the Index of Prohibited Books? Where can I get a copy?—M. L., ATHOL, MASS.

The *Index of Prohibited Books* is a list, issued periodically in book form, by the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office. This list is by no means so comprehensive as to include every publication which is dangerous to faith and morals—it represents books of that caliber which have been brought to the attention of the Holy See. All the Successors of the Apostles throughout the world are alert in their own dioceses to warn the faithful against harmful reading. It should be obvious that literature, in any shape or form, which fosters the breakdown of faith or morals or which distorts history is forbidden by the law of nature.

Unfortunately, there are many people with a "Don't fence me in" complex, who so resent censorship of any kind that the blacklisting of a book or a movie is the best possible advertisement. In the Introduction to the *Index*, Cardinal Merry del Val quotes Leo XIII on this point: "There can be nothing more harmful and nonsensical than to maintain that man, inasmuch as he is by nature created free, must be therefore above the law; for, were this so, it would follow necessarily that liberty must be uncontrolled by reason." Physically, we are free to swallow poison; morally, we are not free, nor does any sane man want that unqualified freedom. A copy of the *Index* may be obtained through your local Catholic bookstore.



# BOOKS

## ONE FRONT ACROSS THE WORLD

By Douglas Hyde.  
Newman.

270 pages.  
\$3.50

In *Scholasticism and Politics* Jacques Maritain mentions an interview between Pope Pius XI and Abbe Cardijn, in which the Pope said that the great scandal of the nineteenth century was the manner in which the working class, in seeking its way, had strayed far from the crib of Christ. Marxism seized many. Now there is another industrial revolution, another age of the working man, dawning in the continents of Africa and Asia. Will the scandal be repeated? In *One Front Across the World*, we follow the author—former Communist, news editor of Britain's *The Daily Worker*, and recent Catholic convert—on a flying tour of the Far East, in which he attempts to answer that question.

The answer, however, is never given, and that is why the book emerges as a flat reportorial job. What we see is a picture of Columban missionaries going about their work with quiet heroism, tending to their flocks with almost impassive reticence, in the face of persecution and calumny. Nothing, perhaps, is less exciting, superficially, than the achievement of sanctity. Mortification, meekness, the Sermon on the Mount reproduced in daily living, is not exactly, one feels, what Mr. Hyde was looking for. An evangelist of the fire-and-brimstone school himself, an outward, aggressive fighter, schooled in the specialist's tools of journalistic propaganda, he is somewhat nonplussed by the self-effacing spirits which he encounters, however much he admires them. He admits that his own vocation, which is the practical full-time combating of Communism through writing and lecturing, and the ideas which he sets forth "are not necessarily the idea and wide perspectives which fill the mind of the missionaries who work among the Asian people . . . For them it is sufficient that twenty centuries ago Christians were told to 'feed My sheep'."

RICHARD C. CROWLEY.



Douglas Hyde

## THE WRECK OF THE MARY DEARE

By Hammond Innes.  
Knopf.

297 pages.  
\$3.75

Gideon Patch was the Captain of a 6,000-ton freighter called the "Mary Deare." Torpedoed three times in two wars, she was described by her First Mate as "a floating death trap of rattling rivets and clanging plates, a piece of leaking ironmongery taken off the junk heap of the China Seas." It was this ship that collided with John Sands' "Sea Witch," a small salvage vessel, one night in the English Channel.

There seemed to be but one explanation: the "Mary Deare," still steaming full speed ahead, had apparently been abandoned. Next morning, Sands boarded her when she was found drifting close to a dangerous reef. And so begins one of the most gripping mysteries of the sea this reviewer has ever had the pleasure of reading.

*The Wreck of the Mary Deare* recalls Conrad's masterpiece *Lord Jim*. On the narrative level, both relate the abandonment of a ship supposedly in sinking condition. On the psychological level, both are concerned with the betrayal of trust and the final redemption of the protagonist. Although action was of secondary importance to Conrad, to Hammond Innes it is foremost. Conrad chose a complex method of indirect narration; Innes, on the other hand, a straightforward presentation of facts.

Their respective novels are among the great stories of the sea. As for literary quality, *Lord Jim* is the greater book; *The Wreck of the Mary Deare*, however, does not lag too far behind.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.



Hammond Innes

## WOODROW WILSON

John A. Garraty.  
Knopf.

212 pages.  
\$2.50

Despite the wealth of books dealing with the life of Woodrow Wilson, a definitive biography of the man has yet to be written. In no small measure, this is due to the enigmatic personality

of that intensely intellectual and idealistic individual who rose from the obscurity of the Princeton campus to the heights of the presidency. The paradoxical contradictions of Wilson's strange character have allowed his biographers to condemn or praise with equal plausibility.

This little book in the *Great Lives* series is hardly intended to be a full-scale biography. It is a brief but comprehensive narrative in which Dr. Garraty presents little information that is not already known of Wilson's career. The chief merit of the book lies in the fact that the author, even in so short a study, has made a go at portraying Wilson's character, which was the source of both his tremendous achievements and his last tragic failure.

Wilson's main defect, according to Dr. Garraty, was his inability to work with others. "More and more he enjoyed making the great decisions by himself—alone with his conscience and his God." As one of his Princeton colleagues remarked, "You could work *for*, but not always *with* Wilson." Dr. Garraty depicts Wilson as an indisputably great man who lived a life full of achievement and honors. His flaws were personal and interior. The author shows how these inner conflicts influenced and controlled Wilson's public actions.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE.

## IN SILENCE I SPEAK

By George N. Shuster.  
Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.

296 pages.  
\$4.50

Probably no other event in modern times has shocked and scandalized the Catholic world as has the infamous "trial" of Hungary's Cardinal Mindszenty. Even today, seven eventful years later, the image of a Prince of the Church reduced to a vacant-eyed shell of a man remains graven on the conscience of the Communist world and on the living memory of the free world.

Dr. Shuster's book is not the first on the Mindszenty story, but it is—as far as I know—the only one which has carefully examined the background of this



G. N. Shuster





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modern tragedy in order to present a full understanding of the events as they took place. It is obvious that the author has drawn on a rich and authoritative background (provided in large part by eye-witnesses) to explain the Cardinal's role in Hungary's "New Order."

There are, actually, three stories here: that of a humble, God-fearing man's lonely battle against atheistic Communism; that of a mother's heart-breaking participation in her son's passion (the similarity to another Mother's part in her Son's passion is unmistakable); and that of a Church's modern ordeal under fire.

Perhaps because it is of the greatest consequence, the last story is the most harrowing of all. The author has presented the unvarnished truth about the weak as well as the strong among Hungary's hierarchy and clergy, about those who compromised with the evil rule as well as those like the Cardinal who resisted compromise.

Dr. Shuster has rendered an historical service in giving us this well-organized, straightforward study. It is fascinating and, what is more important, provocative reading.

WILLIAM T. DARDEN.

## THE CENTURIES OF SANTA FE

By Paul Horgan.  
Dutton.

363 pages  
\$5.00

*The Centuries of Santa Fe* is a vivid and warmly human description of three centuries of life in Santa Fe, incredibly rich in detail, the kind of detail that makes a century live for those who are in it as well as for those who read. The incidents are carefully done, the pace leisurely as though the author had all the time in the world, and the action is lively, though at times cluttered up.

The author says he has been faithful to the movement of history but the characters are fictitious. For each section he has described a group of people who are representative of the era and a main character who pulls everything together. Mr. Horgan is the right person for such a big undertaking—he has had a distinguished literary career and has received many prizes, the Pulitzer prize, the Bancroft prize, and the Collins award of the Texas Institute of letters. He works hard and writes with meticulous care. He knows history too, not merely as a man who gets it up for a paper or book, but as a man who has lived in his subject and knows it inside out.

For all that, I can't help thinking the narrative would have gained rather than lost by using characters from his



Paul Horgan

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History has its own drama, whether the characters are representative or not. Christopher Dawson recommends a method similar to this, the history of localities which will preserve manners and customs as well as events and ideas. These histories can be pieced together to give the life of a century but the characters are taken from history.

However that may be, Horgan has combined people, climate, landscape, and history in a memorable way. In spite of the heterogeneous character of the population, the almost constant upheavals, and the danger of becoming a haven for Bohemians, Santa Fe has lived on, an authentic community with its roots in the soil, a place where the artistic sensibility can function at its best, or so the author thinks.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

### AMERICAN CATHOLICISM

By John Tracy Ellis. 208 pages. Univ. of Chicago. \$3.00

The increased emphasis which religion has been receiving in all phases of American life since World War II is one of the healthier signs in contemporary American historiography. This little book is one of several volumes intended to cover the history of religion in American civilization.

It is fitting that the editors of the series selected Msgr. John Tracy Ellis, Professor of Church History at the Catholic University of America, to integrate the story of the Catholic Church in this country with the general history of the nation. He knows the raw materials firsthand and sees the past not as chronology to be outlined, but as experience to be interpreted.

Since the book is only a brief survey, Dr. Ellis has had to sacrifice many interesting features of American Catholic history. The subject of lay trusteeism in the early nineteenth century, for example, merits fuller treatment than the limits of space have permitted. Intended only as a sketch, however, that is certainly as succinct yet accurate a survey of American Catholicism as has been written.

The problem of immigration is regarded by Dr. Ellis as one of the principal determining elements in the character of American Catholicism. His description of the seeming differences between the Catholic belief and the dominant national mores that threatened to stamp the Church as an institution alien to America is eminently judicious. Only the unenlightened will disagree with his conclusion: "As the nation matured, children born to the rough-and-tumble crowd of Catholic immigrants were second to none in their true American character and spirit."

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE.





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Simon & Schuster.

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With no outstanding commodity to market but looks and family name, Margot Masters (nee Maggie Fraser Bradfield) must run after prominence through the men she marries. Unable to mold her first husband, she falls readily into an alliance with Raymond Masters, riding the crest of Broadway playwright and on his way to greater glory in Hollywood. When his star wanes, so does his appeal for Maggie, and skilfully she channels his creative drive her way.

Through her entree to the right salons she is offered a byline in *Fun* magazine. An impressionable, vacuous shell, she functions as the perfect cocktail hour columnist and progresses from the typewriter to the microphone, where at last the world's fame, fortune, and flattery beat at her door—but in company with the realization of yawning personal failure.

However, in spite of the author's bald description—"Never suspicious, rarely perceptive . . . vulnerable as the stupid and selfish are always vulnerable"—it is difficult to feel either animosity or sympathy toward the spoiled and predatory Maggie; she just never seems quite as real as the misery she creates. And while no obvious moral is drawn from her story, the indictment against a sick social structure that panders to the ego above all else is clear for those who will see.

The whole thing leaves an acrid memory, with this reader predicting, at the book's end, a devastating decline for Margot and her pseudo popularity—a decline opiated, perhaps, by a trip to the sanitarium or an overdose of sleeping pills.

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI.

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York. The sinner is their brother, Sam. Dominating the book, as indeed she dominated the world around her in life, is Julia—the famous Julia Ward Howe, poet, author of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, suffragist, abolitionist, and a founder of America's first Women's Club. Julia was, among other things, a wit. "Jokes in Boston," she once wrote, "are usually detected three weeks after they are perpetrated, owing to the dilatory character of the city police." At least twice in her long life, Julia's humor was less than conscious. Stoutly Unitarian, she could only sigh when two of her sister Louisa's children became Catholics. To Julia Ward Howe the conversions were proof positive of her frequent contention that "Louisa always did tend to spoil her offspring." Julia's marriage to Samuel Gridley Howe, one of the teachers of Laura Bridgman and for forty-four years director of the Perkins Institute for the blind, was no idyll. Once Howe requested and was refused a divorce, and Julia's abiding and often self-sacrificing love for him underwent its severest test after his death when papers among his effects raised the strong possibility that there had been "another woman."

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MILTON LOMASE.

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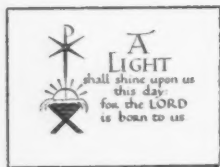


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One of the most interesting features of the book—and it is drawn with great understanding by Mr. Moraes—is the close relationship, and yet the great differences, between Nehru and his idol, Gandhi. Nehru worshipped Gandhi; Gandhi, in turn, looked upon him almost as a son and publicly trained him to assume the leadership of India. Yet, the two were hugely different in personality and outlook.

It is all here—Nehru's development of personality, his entrance and rise into politics, his devotion to Gandhi, his role in India's victory of Independence, his present fight for the maintenance of a socialist state, his opposition to both Communism and Imperialism.

The author knows where he wants to go and has the material and the ability to get there. The average reader will learn more about India in this book than in countless articles and newspaper comments by less well-informed sources.

RICHARD C. CROWLEY.

## THE WINGS OF NIGHT

Thomas H. Raddall.  
Doubleday.

319 pages.  
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Thomas Raddall's modern novel of life in a crumbling community of provincial Canada is sometimes interesting, often descriptively beautiful, but seldom exciting. Lacking are a sincerely motivated main character and a plot to move him gingerly through the few critical years of his life here set down.

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ing into trouble, sets himself the task of righting the two wrongs. Strangely enough, he does this by a blundering accident which sets into motion a chain of events that crushes the senator and brings promise of prosperity to Oak Falls.

At this point, however, our hero dramatically burns the family homestead and leaves town with the local school-marm.

Raddall has a liquid style, fine descriptive powers, a thorough knowledge of the region about which he writes, but his bitter hero and unconvincing story are of little help to the novel.

RITA HUBBARD.

## SIX FEET OF THE COUNTRY

By Nadine Gordimer. 241 pages.  
Simon & Schuster. \$3.50

Miss Gordimer's is an exotic talent, chastened, polished, worked over until it becomes the perfect instrument for probing human nature, not the depths, but the little things beneath the surface which make everyone's life a drama. Her outlines are clear and sharp, and her definition of character and incident is precise and final. She uses irony and understatement to good advantage.

Miss Gordimer uses this art to probe relationships, between white and black, Bohemian and Bourgeois, children and adults, sophisticates and people who work for a living, and people who inhabit the fringes of life with so-called respectable people. Always the situation is turned over, examined, and made to yield its secret tensions.

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Within the context of a short story this ending is unreal—the girl is miscast and the ending seems contrived. Such a change requires time. Although there are many good themes here and the probing is delicate, this art brings little to the surface. The malice of women is clearly outlined, but at its best it is negative. It is like a delicious fruit with a worm at the center—the author is concerned only with the worm.

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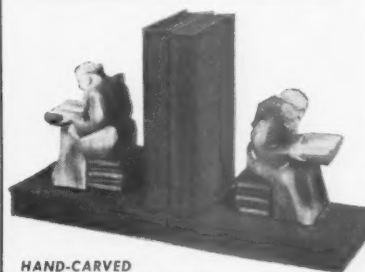
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the history of early missionary priests in the Southeast and Midwest, examines the kaleidoscopic career and personality of this refugee from the French Revolution who was to become the first priest ordained on the American continent.

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Dr. Schauinger handles the varied facets of these difficulties with exceptional fairness and objectivity. A true biographer, he does not worship at the shrine of his hero, whose faults were often almost as great as his attributes. The result is an honest study of a real and understandable human being, a "John the Baptist on horseback," who played an important part in laying a solid foundation for American Catholicism. Father Badin emerges as the man he was—a great missionary and noble priest.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE.

### ALL OR NOTHING

By Murray Ballantyne. 216 pages.  
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We often think of conversion to the Catholic Church as a thing that is over and done with once the waters of Baptism have been poured over the catechumen's head. Without, of course, negating the decisiveness of this first of the sacraments, we would do well to understand that the Faith is not a "package" completely grasped through the grace, however great, of a single moment.

The Church is infinitely rich in her meaningfulness to the soul, and conversion is a process that never stops either for the "born Catholic" or for the adult convert. All this is admirably portrayed in *All or Nothing*, the spiritual autobiography of Murray Ballantyne, a Canadian journalist whose original attractions to the Church lay in his desire for a meaningful, coherent scheme of life. After his baptism he went through what he calls a "honeymoon" period, during which he uncritically accepted not only the divine dogmas but apparently any and every action of anyone associated with the Church. Such uncritical illusion was inevitably followed by disillusionment, and Mr. Bal-

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lentyne resigned from all Catholic lay activities to enter a period of spiritual suffering and aridity.

Once again, in 1953, after twenty years in the Church, he experienced a new conversion in which he was filled to overflowing with awareness of Our Lady's love for him. Here then is a significant personal story, exemplifying the fact that conversion must be a continuing process for all. The book would be more useful if the author had seen fit to locate his life and his spiritual development among others in his community. As it is, even his wife is a shadowy figure, and his seven children are merely mentioned in passing. The reader knows that this is a real spiritual drama, but it is acted out on an empty (and therefore unreal) stage.

WILLIAM BIRMINGHAM.

## SHORT NOTICES

**ALL THE WAY TO HEAVEN.** By Helen Caldwell Day. 148 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$2.75. This is the story of the CUSA, the Catholic Union of the Sick in America, a society which aims to cheer the suffering sick and to give purpose and dignity to their lives. By giving them a sense of real participation in the Mystical Body of Christ, membership in CUSA transforms and makes fruitful lives that are crushed with bitterness and despair. Mrs. Day invents a character, John Paul, makes him a hopeless cripple, and introduces him to CUSA. Through the experiences of John Paul as a Cusan the reader sees CUSA at work, influencing not only the members but the whole world.

Possibly direct exposition rather than narrative form would have been a better method for this particular message: the fiction is too obvious.

**THE EXECUTIVE LIFE.** By the Editors of Fortune. 223 pages. Doubleday. \$3.50. A very large segment of the American people are engaged in something vaguely known as "business." Of these a considerable number belong, or would like to think they belong, to a category, equally vague, called "executives." This kind of self-help book for executives ought then to have a large ready-made reading public. In it they will find examined in the smooth, homogenized prose of the Luce publications many of the agonies and dilemmas of the career of an executive. Five editors of *Fortune* magazine have attacked the material provided by twelve *Fortune* researchers to produce thirteen essays under such titles as "Who Are the Executives?," "How Hard Do Executives Work?," "How Executives Crack-up," "How to



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**CONVERSATION WITH CHRIST.** By Peter-Thomas Rohrbach, O.C.D. 171 pages. Fides. \$3.75. Anne Morrow Lindbergh calls meditation a "gift from the sea." Father Rohrbach more accurately terms it "conversation with Christ." The young Carmelite priest has digested St. Teresa's principles of meditation and outlined a practical approach to mental prayer.

Because meditation is necessary for everyone, the author might have expressed his ideas more simply. But truckdrivers and stenographers as well as monks and nuns will derive much profit from a thoughtful reading of this book.

Sample meditations, hints on how to prepare for meditation, and difficulties encountered in conversation with Christ are a few of the topics discussed by Father Rohrbach.

**MENTAL HEALTH IN CHILDHOOD.** By Charles L. C. Burns. 86 pages. Fides, \$2.75. Within the scope of its 86 pages, this book written for parents and teachers, of necessity is limited in coverage of the wide subject of mental health in childhood. For example, one would like a more lengthy discussion of such topics as maladjusted children and delinquency. The subject of child guidance and sex in childhood are in general very well done. No one can object to the statement, "The need for understanding, tolerance, and tenderness is a desperate one in our day," which is the leading motive of the book. Presented in simple, readable style, without technical phraseology, the book should stimulate the lay reader to further and more extensive reading and thought on this subject.

**MEETING THE VOCATION CRISIS.** Ed. By Rev. George L. Kane. 204 pages. Newman. \$3.00. A sense of urgency runs throughout these twenty-three essays. The want of vocations to priesthood, sisterhood, brotherhood, and lay apostolate is one of the gravest problems facing the Church today. The various authors assembled here highlight the need, give practical suggestions for its fulfillment, and urge immediate action in attracting laborers into the vineyard.

Unfortunately there is much repetition in a collection of this nature. The essays are not all of equal merit nor addressed to the same level of reader intelligence. What is needed is a book by one author treating systematically and in greater detail the ideas repeated haphazardly in this work.

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(Continued from page 20)

in pointing out that much of it has been non-Catholic thought and sweat. "Without the self-sacrificing assistance of many non-Catholics in this area," he says, "I doubt if we could have brought it off."

It is a pleasure now to stand on the ridge overlooking the river-bottom lands and to see some ninety acres of corn in one direction and some forty of tobacco in the other. It is a pleasure to talk with the Italians in spite of, or maybe because of, the language barrier which converts every conversation into a whirlwind of gestures, head-shakes, and hand-springs. It is a joy to join them on the lawn of the community house on a Sunday morning while Father Maurice says Mass, his altar stone resting on a portable wooden table, the shimmering leaves of an elm his cathedral roof.

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And so it goes. And back in his office at the Oratory, Father Maurice is scheming more schemes and dreaming more dreams. To his many activities, Father

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He was born in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, one of the six children of Maurice Michael and Catherine Brown Shean. His father was a hoist engineer with what is now Consolidated Edison of New York, holding the post of superintendent in charge of the company's coal ships. In due time the family landed in the Bronx, N. Y., where Maurice attended a parochial school, a Catholic academy, and a public high school. He also sang at Blessed Sacrament church in Manhattan. When his voice changed at fifteen he went from the soprano section of the choir, that is from one octave above high C, to the bass section. He also became church organist.

After graduating from high school, he worked first as a stock clerk for a ribbon company and later in the bookkeeping department of a large contracting firm. He also continued as organist at Blessed Sacrament and studied pre-med and music at night school. At the age of twenty-two, he was making \$60 a week—pretty good for a young man in those days. He was also "violently anticlerical." Why, he no longer remembers. "Perhaps," he says, "I thought the church music ought to be set up one way and the priests had a different idea." Anyhow, as he was playing the organ one evening, a thought hit him and hit him hard. The thought was, *I'm at the wrong end of the church!*

He did a lot of praying at home that night and the next evening he called on a friend, a seminarian. It was the seminarian who told him about the Oratorian Fathers. Followed two years at the Oratory in Rock Hill, three at St. Mary's college in Kentucky, and four at St. Meinrad seminary in Indiana. He was ordained April 16, 1944, just five months before the death of his father. In 1948, he was elected provost of the Oratory, a position he still holds.

His day begins at 5:15 A.M. when he says Mass for the Sisters of St. Francis at St. Philip's Hospital on Rock Hill. On Sundays he says another Mass in the Oratory chapel and still another out at the farm. Sunday or weekday, his day usually ends about 1:30 the next morning. Busy as he is, Father Maurice never locks his office door. One can always slip in for a chat and the conversation is always good. Somewhere in his own writing, Father Maurice has described the problems of the South as "food for thought and food for action." He has given both in abundance. His is an unusually fertile and creative mind and his energies bode well for the South he adores, the South he has served so long and so well, in Christ's name and in accord with His divine command that we deal with one another in charity and with love.

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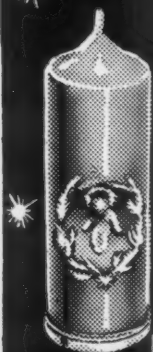
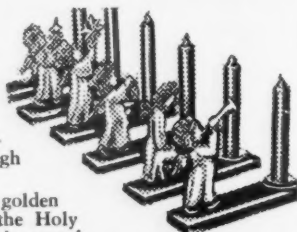


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### REGINA GUILD

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## THE CHURCH IN SWITZERLAND

(Continued from page 33)

mountains, in picturesque, wild, and romantic Switzerland and not in the nice, rolling country of the North with its factories, fields, and gardens. My host told me about his visits to St. Maurice, to Engelberg, Einsiedeln, and Disentis, these spiritual and intellectual powerhouses of the faith.

"You must see them," he insisted, "the monasteries, the pilgrimage places, and, finally, Sachseln, where Saint Nicholas of Flüe, our great peasant saint, has been buried. All this will explain to you why our Faith is very male. There is nothing fancy, sweet, or soft about it. Don't forget that this is a man's country, the only one in Europe which strictly excludes women from the vote. And this maleness you again find in our Faith, whose mainstay are our great Catholic thinkers, men like Reynold, Bauhofer, Karrer, Balthasar, Zundel, Picard, Gutzwiller, Keckeis, Journet, and then, above all, our male orders."

I followed the advice and made the grand tour of the monasteries and saw the hard core of Catholic Switzerland which is strictly rural and alpine. I stayed in that part of Switzerland where the villagers almost without exception go to Mass, where the ancient customs and the whole way of life are interwoven with the practices of the Faith, where the liturgical year and the feasts determine the doings of the community. It is a laborious and rough life with few problems and some good fun. The troubles only begin if these good people migrate to the big industrial center of the North where a new type of Faith has to evolve which takes nothing for granted, where a new type of Catholic has to be brought into existence. We cannot transplant the Gothic or the Baroque village churches to manufacturing centers like Winterthur or Biel; the law does not even permit establishment of a Capuchin retreat home or a Benedictine school in many a canton, nor does it tolerate the erection of a new monastery anywhere in the Republic or even a change of the federally controlled, diocesan boundaries.

I also went south to the Tessin, which is an Italian-speaking canton where the people are taking their Faith a little bit less seriously, more sentimentally, and less methodically. One has only to read on the church doors the injunctions against little boys entering in shorts and then to admire practically nude statues of Saint Mary Magdalen in order to realize that we are approaching Italy. In the neighboring Valais, where so many of the Papal guardsmen are recruited, the people are less gay and more introspective, and its severe



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andscape reminds us rather of Spain than of Italy.

The heart of Switzerland is the very center of Western Europe. It is the region where the watersheds of the Mediterranean, the North Sea, the Adriatic, and the Black Sea, are meeting and where the glaciers and the mountain crests seemingly touch the sky. It is the most rugged country in the old World with many wayside chapels along the roads and numerous crosses on lonely rocks. It is in this region that I visited the Benedictine monastery of Disentis, almost 5,000 feet above sea-level, near the sources of the Rhine. In this hidden valley the inhabitants speak neither French, nor German, nor Italian, nor Rhaeto-Roman, an idiom known only by 50,000 people.

Disentis (a name derived from "desert") was a great experience for me because here, in the innermost recesses of our continent, I entered a monastery founded in the seventh century by the Scottish monk Sigisbert, a disciple of that great Irishman St. Columba. Here in the snowy wastes resisting the April sun I could admire the splendid educational work of the Sons of St. Benedict, their gorgeous church, their college with sturdy young men, their library. They had carried beauty, culture, knowledge, and piety, all the great Catholic values, almost to the end of the world." Here I fully understood the reference of my friend in Gribourg to the "powerhouse" role of the monasteries in the fastness of the Swiss Alps.



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## LETTERS

(Continued from page 8)

After reading the article "How Catholic is Latin America?" (August), I am moved to think that we in this country should be very grateful to our non-Catholic brethren for at least one thing: they act like a bull under the saddle and prevent our cleaving from becoming too self-satisfied. . . .

GEORGE A. GORMAN

PEAPACK, N. J.

## THE KING'S ENGLISH

Your article entitled "The King's English," in the October issue of THE SIGN, is very interesting and amusing. Being an English girl now living in this country, I have frequently encountered difficulties at times of embarrassment over the differences in the meaning of words. Thank you and Wilfrid Sheed for enjoyable reading.

MRS. JEAN AVONIA

TORRINGTON, CONN.

## "MAN"

Just a belated word to congratulate you and Ellen Murphy—on "Man" in your August issue. It is beautiful.

PAULA KUR

WARREN, MICH.

## "EVEN AGAMEMNON"

Richard Sullivan (in "Even Agamemnon") put in the mouth of his Mr. Hamlet the following words: "There's no getting around it, we all help shape other people's lives." It seems like a simple enough truth. Its application is what interests me.

Your letters column for May carried a Dayton compliments of one Mrs. Jeannette Brinkman for an earlier work of Mr. Sullivan, "A Pinch of Salt." I took exception to her appraisal and salted down the all too fictional fiction. . . .

Seeing him back in your magazine, like to think that you may have forwarded the letter to him in an endeavor to test the theory that a person's most serious critic might well be a most helpful friend.

The story of a dog and the people who lives he shaped is a far cry from "A Pinch of Salt." Except for the unlikely coincidence of two black-eyed puppies, the story does suffer from the plot difficulty of its predecessor. Agamemnon was inspiration for an enjoyable story, a marked improvement.

MRS. FREIDA FENSTERMAK

GERMANTOWN, OHIO.

## SPIRITUAL THOUGHT

Your policy of presenting the thought of a "visiting fireman" (Rev. Kilian McDonnell, Sept. page 26) as recommended spiritual thought for the month is praiseworthy. It is at once a rebuff to those who are wont to make contentious comparisons of the various religious orders and an example of the lack of such contentious notions.



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JAMES ANAGNOSTOS

VAUXHALL, N. J.

## TROUBLE SHOOTER

The article in the August issue of THE SIGN entitled "The Quiet Trouble Shooter," by John C. O'Brien, is very good. But Mr. O'Brien surely didn't make a very thorough search of the sponsors for Refugees when he wrote the article, as he missed one very active sponsor in this field and that one is the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

We of the S.V. de P. here in Ft. Wayne sponsored a number of them and it has been a number-one project all over the U.S.A. for us this past year or more.

We have taken it upon ourselves to provide jobs and homes for quite a number of the refugees, some were men, some women, and again some were complete families. . . .

JULIAN E. KLINE

FT. WAYNE, IND.

## CATHOLICS TO CATHOLICS

Our family subscribed to THE SIGN just a few months ago, and we have never regretted it.

Although I enjoy most all the articles each month, I was especially pleased when I read "The Catholic Mission to the Catholics" (September). In the short time I have been associated with the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine I have formed the opinion that this organization has accomplished a great deal among the Mexicans and Indians in our city. . . .

MARGARET LONDON

TUCSON, ARIZ.

## THE YOUNGER SET

. . . Thought you might like to know that your magazine really makes the rounds in our household.

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MRS. GEORGE EAST

SIOUX FALLS, S. DAK.

## STORIES

. . . If there is any one feature I've enjoyed most I would say it is the series teaching us to live the Cross. Not quite certain whether second place in our personal rating would go to "Current Fact and Comment" or the absorbing articles on foreign countries. So this won't be all sugar, may I express the only fault I can find in THE SIGN—and if it is a failing, it's one that is shared by many another Catholic publication—why aren't stories more Catholic? Once in a while an inspiration can be derived from fiction, but oh so seldom! It seems to me that here is a field crying out for the attention of Catholic

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writers. Must they be afraid to teach a lesson in their fictional meanderings? Can there be a moral at least implied?

MRS. RUSSELL ANDERSON

MILAN, ILL.

## INTEGRATION

I, a Negro Catholic, wish to compliment Mrs. Christine Ruiz on her stand for Southern Catholics and integration in her letter to the editor in the September issue of THE SIGN.

However, it saddens my heart reading of Mr. Harry M. Bell and Mrs. Joan Ritchotte's stand, which is not in conjunction with Holy Mother the Church and the teachings of Jesus Christ . . .

Again, thanks for your stand on the subject and keep the articles coming.

T/SGT. THOMAS M. BROWN

McCLELLAN AFB, CALIF.

## LETTERS

A statistician would have a field day going over the "Letters" section of your magazine. As a general rule, you seem to give over about two full pages (six columns) to "airing" the opinions of your readers. This is very good.

In writing to you here, I'm not especially concerned with an accounting of the pros and cons. Rather my concern is for the distribution of your readers' letters by their letters. Just for the first of it, I went through six back issues and found that the printed letters averaged about two dozen per issue and represented a reaction in about two dozen states scattered across the nation—North, East, West, and South. And that spells NEW good news. News that THE SIGN is getting through to the people . . .

MONA B. FISHER

NEW YORK, N. Y.

## ZIONISTS

Why is THE SIGN magazine anti-Zionist?

In the light of Holy Scripture it would seem an indefensible position for a Catholic magazine. It is not that the Christian faith can defend the Orthodox Jewish position, but, since the Zionist movement is rapidly fulfilling the prophecies of God that an article such as Alfred M. Lilienthal's (August) seems out of place in the Catholic press. Not once does he mention the prophecies which God has made for the Jews. . . .

THE CLAVE

MILWAUKIE, OREGON.

That the Zionist movement is fulfilling Biblical prophecies is a mistaken notion.

My husband and I are extremely grateful to you for your editorials on the Arabs and Israel and for the article by Alfred Lilienthal in the August issue. My husband's family are all Palestinian Catholics and the subject touches them very deeply. I, being an American, find it difficult to justify my own country's policy.

HELEN CONROY MOORE

HART, W. I.



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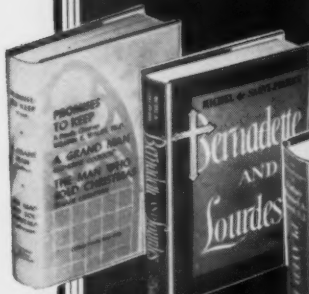
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